

THE ILLUSTRATED

SPORTING & DRAMATIC

NEWS

[REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1879.

[WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.
By Post 6d.



MILLE. SAMARY, OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

RAILWAYS.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

NEWMARKET RACES, JULY MEETING.

SPECIAL FAST TRAINS, conveying 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class passengers at ordinary fares, will run between Cambridge and London as under:

Tuesday, July 1.

London to Cambridge.

a.m. Cambridge p.m. Cambridge to London.

King's Cross dep. 9.00 Cambridge dep. 6.50

Finsbury Park dep. 9.8 Cambridge arr. 8.5

Cambridge arr. 10.35 King's Cross 8.10

In connection with a Great Eastern Train from Cambridge at 10.50 a.m. for Newmarket.

+ In connection with 6.9 p.m. Ordinary Train, Newmarket to Cambridge.

Return Tickets available for one month. Ordinary Trains leave Cambridge at 4.30 and 7.10 p.m., reaching King's Cross at 5.55 and 9.15 p.m. First, Second, and Third Class Passengers will also be booked from Cambridge to London by the return trains.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

London, King's Cross Station, June, 1879.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—NEWMARKET

RACES.—JULY MEETING, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th July, 1879.

FIRST, SECOND, and THIRD CLASS TRAINS will run as under:—

St. Pancras. Liverpool-street. Newmarket,

dep. dep. due.

... 6.0 a.m. 9.55 a.m.

7.33 a.m. 7.35 a.m. 11.22 a.m.

9.30 a.m. 9.30 a.m. (Special) 11.35 a.m.

9.45 a.m. 9.45 a.m. (Special) 1st Class only 11.45 a.m.

10.15 a.m. 10.23 a.m. 2.8 p.m.

12.3 noon 11.35 a.m. (Express) 4.32 p.m.

2.25 p.m. 2.20 p.m. (Express) 7.40 p.m.

5.5 p.m. 5.15 p.m. (Express) 7.40 p.m.

Returning from Newmarket to Liverpool-street and St. Pancras at 8.4 and 9.1 a.m., 12.30, 4.3, and 6.9 p.m.

On Monday, 30th June, Special Trains will leave Cambridge for Newmarket on arrival of the 5.5 and 10.0 p.m. trains from St. Pancras, and 5.15, 7.30, and 10.2 p.m. Trains from Liverpool-street, conveying 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class Passengers.

A First-class Special Train for Newmarket will leave St. Pancras and Liverpool-street, at 9.45 a.m. on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th July, and return from Newmarket each day one hour after the advertised time of the last race.

A First, Second, and Third-class Special Train will leave St. Pancras and Liverpool-street on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th July, at 9.30 a.m., for Newmarket, returning from Newmarket at 5.45 p.m., on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and at 5.15 p.m. on Friday.

S. SWARBRICK, General Manager.

London, June, 1879.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT KILBURN.

The London and North-Western Company's Stations at Queen's Park (Salisbury Road) and Kensal Green, are the only Stations which adjoin the Exhibitions.

Trains every 15 minutes to Queen's Park, From Broad-street, Dalston, Highbury, Camden Town, and Chalk Farm.

Trains every 15 minutes to Kensal Green from Mansion House—District Line, Victoria (D. Ry. Station), Kensington and Uxbridge Road. No change of carriage.

Frequent Trains from Euston to Queen's Park, and from Victoria, Pimlico (L. B. & S. C. Station), West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea, to the Kensal Green or Queen's Park Station.

Passengers from the Brighton Line can join the North-Western Trains at Croydon, Victoria, or Kensington. Passengers from the L. C. & D. Line at Victoria (L. B. & S. C. or District Coy. Station). Passengers from the South-Western Line at Waterloo or Kensington. Passengers from the South-Eastern Line at Waterloo.

Book to Queen's Park for main and south-eastern entrance to the Show. Book to Kensal Green for north-west entrance.

Tickets issued to Queen's Park may be used on the return journey from Kensal Green Station, and vice versa.

NORTH LONDON RAILWAY.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION AT KILBURN,

JUNE 30TH TO JULY 7TH, 1879.

Trains every 15 minutes to Kensal Green and Queen's Park (Salisbury Road) Stations, adjoining the entrances to the Exhibition, from the following stations:—

| | |
|-------------------|----------------|
| Broad-street. | Blackwall. |
| Shoreditch. | Poplar. |
| Haggerston. | Bow. |
| Dalston Junction. | Old Ford. |
| Canonbury. | Victoria Park. |
| Highbury. | Homerton. |
| Barnsbury. | Hackney. |
| Camden Town. | |
| Chalk Farm. | |

Special Trains will also be run as required. Passengers to and from Great Northern Railway and Alexandra Palace can join above trains at Canonbury.

" " Great Eastern Railway, at Broad-street and Victoria Park.

" " Tilbury and Southend Railway, at Plaistow.

" " South Western Railway, at Kew Bridge and Richmond.

G. BOLLAND NEWTON, General Manager.

Broad-street Station, June, 1879.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE.

TWO MONTHS and FORTNIGHTLY RETURN TICKETS are now issued to YARMOUTH, Lowestoft, Cromer, Aldeburgh, Harwich, Dovercourt, Walton-on-the-Naze, and Hunstanton.

A Special Excursion Train to Walton-on-the-Naze, Dovercourt, and Harwich, will leave the Liverpool-street Station every Sunday at 9.0 a.m., and every Monday and Saturday at 9.30 and 10.2 a.m., 12.45, and 2.45 p.m. Fares—3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d.

Epping Forest.—Excursion Tickets will be issued every Sunday and Monday to Woodford, Buckhurst Hill, and Loughton. Fares—2s., 1s. 6d., 1s. To Chingford—2s., 1s. 4d., 1s.

For full particulars see handbills, and time books.

London, June, 1879. S. SWARBRICK, General Manager.

ROYAL AQUARIUM,

11 till 11.

Universally acknowledged to be a wonderful Shillingworth.

Always something new.

3.15. VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

7.30. VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT.

8.30. SECOND GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

Actions the Whole Day.

Ligerio, the Performing Bull, gigantic success. Visitors to London should not fail to see the marvellous Performing Bull. The Standard, of June 3rd, says of the Bull's marvellous performance: "At the head of the miscellaneous performances stands Señor Ortego and his performing bull, Ligerio. Both the Señor and 'El Toro Ligerio' are wonderfully clever, indeed one is tempted to consider which is the more wonderful of the two. The bull seems to be under some strange influence on the part of his master, who can do anything he pleases with him. At his bidding the creature appears to exhibit all the ferocity which one would expect to see if he was engaged in a tournament in any of the bull-rings of his native land, and the next moment he is as docile as a lamb. It does almost everything but talk, and even this is practically accomplished, for it answers by signs certain questions which are put to it. A remarkable affection seems to exist between the Señor and his bull, for he narrates a story of having been protected from thieves by it while travelling in Spain."

M. CHARLES DUBOIS' SATURDAY PROMENADE CONCERTS.

BRITISH ARMY QUADRILLE.

ADMISSION ONE SHILLING.

ROYAL AQUARIUM IMPERIAL THEATRE.—Manager, Miss Litton.

Every afternoon at Three, the celebrated YOKES FAMILY (special entertainment).

THE CHILD OF THE REGIMENT, followed by THE

SELLERS OF THE KITCHEN. Every night at 7.30, SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER; Mrs. Stirling, Miss Meyrick, and Miss Litton; Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. J. Ryder, Mr. E. F. Edgar, Mr. H. Pitt, and full company.

To be followed by new burlesque, "LADY OF LYONS," Miss Lydia Thompson (specially engaged), Mr. Lionel Brough, &c.

BRIGHTON GRAND AQUARIUM. Now on

View, a fine PORPOISE. The only living specimen in captivity.

Sea Lions, with young one. Alligators and Crocodiles in their new cavern.

Living birds, and by far the largest collection of fishes in the world. New

Terrace Garden and Promenade, the most elegant in the Kingdom. G.

REEVES SMITH, General Manager.

THEATRES.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—

Sole Lessee and Manager—Mr. HENRY IRVING. Monday, June 30, and Tuesday, July 1st, CHARLES I., at 8.30; Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry. Wednesday, July 2, HAMLET, at 7.30; Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry. Thursday, July 3, LADY OF LYONS, at 8.30; Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry. Friday, July 4, and Saturday, July 5, THE LYONS MAIL, at 8.15; Mr. Irving, Saturday Morning, July 5, CHARLES I.; at 2.30; Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry. Box Office open 10 till 5, where full casts of the plays can be obtained, and seats booked for all parts of the house, except pit and gallery.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. B.

WEBSTER. Sole Lessees and Managers, Messrs. A. and S. GATTI.—AMY ROBSART Every Evening. Miss Neilson, Mesdames Bella Pateman, Harriet Coveney, Clara Jecks, &c.; Messrs. Hermann Vezin, Flockton, Edward Compton, R. Pateman, E. J. George, R. Markby, F. Charles, and Henry Neville. Preceded each evening by NO. 1 ROUND THE CORNER. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30. Box Office open 10 to 5. No booking fees.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Manager, Mr. WALTER GOOCH.

Every evening at 7.45, DRINK—a complete success. Mr. Charles Warner as Conpean in the New Sensational Drama, DRINK, the only authorised version of the French play "L'Assommoir," by Charles Reude.

GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.—Sole

Lesser and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD. French plays. The whole of the COMEDIE FRANCAISE. Every night from 8 to 11; open 7.30. And every Saturday afternoon from 2 to 5; open 1.30. Increased prices; no fees; see daily papers. NOTICE.—Six Weeks only.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—ENORMOUS SUCCESS

OF THE GIRLS. Every Evening at 7.30, ONCE AGAIN; 8, an original modern Comedy in three acts, entitled THE GIRLS, by Henry J. Byron. Concluding with A HIGHLAND FLING. Supported by Messrs. William Farren, Thomas Thorne, Garthorne, Bradbury, Austin, L. Fredericks, Hargreaves, and David James; Mesdames Illington, Bishop, Holme, Richards, Larkin, &c. Acting-Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.

Mr. HARE, Lessee and Manager.

Every Evening, at 7.45, COUSIN DICK. Mesdames Kate Pattison, C. Grahame, M. Wenman. Punctually at 8.15, THE LADIES' BATTLE. Mrs. Kendal, Miss C. Grahame, Mr. Kendal, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Chevalier, and Mr. Hare. Concluding with UNCLE'S WILL. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. Doors open at 7.15. Box-office hours 11 to 5. Acting-Manager—Mr. Huy.

OPERA COMIQUE.

342nd Representation of H.M.S. PINAFOR. Every evening, this successful nautical opera, by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, by the original artistes: Messrs. G. Grossmith, R. Barrington, R. Temple, Clifton, and G. Power; Mesdames Alice Burville, Everard, and Jessie Bond, at 8.30. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Cellier. Preceded, at 7.45, by CUPS AND SAUCERS, Mr. G. Grossmith, and followed by the new Vaudeville, AFTER ALL, by F. Desprez, music by A. Cellier. Morning Performance every Saturday at 2.30. R. D'Oyly Carte, Manager.

CRITERION THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHARLES WYNDEHAM.

Every Evening at 9, the enormously successful comedy, TRUTH (121st night), by Bronson Howard, in which Mr. Charles Wyndham will appear, supported by Messrs. H. Standing, Carton, and W. J. Hill; Mesdames Edwina Worth, M. Rorke, A. Della, E. Vining, R. Egan, N. Phillips, and Mrs. Stephens. Preceded at 7.30 by MEG'S DIVERSION. Box-office open from 10 till 5. No booking fees. Doors open at 7. N.B.—Free list entirely suspended. The next production will be a farcical comedy in 3 acts, by Henry J. Byron, entitled, THE WICKED MAJOR.—Acting Manager and Treasurer, Mr. T. E. Smale.

DUKE'S THEATRE, HOLBORN.

Managers—HOLT and WILMOT.

Every evening at 8 o'clock, NEW BABYLON, by Paul Meritt. Every one should see Tattersall's, Cremorne, Goodwood, and the Collision at Sea. Patronised by T.R.H. Prince and Princess of Wales; Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh; Crown Prince of Denmark; Prince Teck; and the élite of the fashionable world.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE.

Every evening, CRUTCH AND TOOTHPICK, by G. Sims, at 8 o'clock. Great success. Roars of laughter. Preceded at 7.20 by NICETTE, and followed at 10 o'clock by a new Burlesque, entitled VENUS, by E. Rose and A. Harris. Music by E. Solomon, Mesdames Nelly Bromley, Rose Cullen, Kate Lawler, Alma Stanley, Edith Blanche, Phoebe Don, Hastings Haide, Emilia Copsey, &c.; Messrs. Edgar Bruce, Lytton Sothern, C. Grove, James, Saker, Solomon, Desmond, &c., and chorus.

Two MORNING PERFORMANCES OF CRUTCH AND TOOTHPICK on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY Mornings next, July 2 and 5, at 2.30 (Royal Agricultural Show Week). No booking fees.—Acting Manager, Mr. A. Harris.

LA HAMBRA THEATRE—VENICE.

Grand Operatic Extravaganza, at 8.15. Artistes: Mdles. Zimeri, Emma Chambers, Th. de Gillert, and Constance Lobeck; Messrs. Herbert Campbell, L. Kelleher, Arthur Williams, and George Conquest; Mdles. Malvini Cavallazzi, Gillert, Rosa, and the Corps de Ballet in LA FETE DES GONDOLIERS and the CARNAVAL A VENICE. Preceded by a farce at 7.40, every evening.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.

Sole Proprietress—Mrs. S. LANE.

Every Evening (Wednesday excepted), at a Quarter to Seven. THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Evans, Charlton, Towers, Lewis, Reeve; Mdles. Adams, Brewer, Trevor, Concert—Mr. F. Jonghman, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Charles, Mr. Peterson's Dogs and Monkeys. THIRD CLASS AND FIRST CLASS. Messrs. J. B. Howe, Bigwood, Hyde, Payne, Mills, Pitt; Mdles. Bellair, Summers, Rayner, Newham, Pettifer. Wednesday—Mr. C. Reeve's Benefit. JESSIE BROWN, and BRITISH BORN.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE.

Proprietor, Mr. T. G. CLARK.

Every evening, at 7, THE QUEEN'S COLOURS, by Conquest and Pettitt. Supported by Messrs. James, Sennett, Dobell, Syms, Shepperd, Parker, Monkhouse, Vincent, Grant, &c.; Mesdames Verner, Victor, Thomas, Denavit, Nellie Clark, Sennett, &c. Grand military spectacles, received with shouts of applause. Conclude with THE CURSE OF DRINK. Dancing each night in the grounds.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

Bishopsgate.

Last six nights of the great Olympic drama THE WOMAN OF THE PEOPLES; supported by the Beatrice Comedy Company. MONDAY, JUNE 30th, and following Evenings, at 7.15. All the original effects.

CANTERBURY.—ARIEL! ARIEL! ARIEL!

A new Grand Mystic and Poetical Ballet entitled ETHEREA, at 10.15, in which ARIEL appears in her wonderful Flying Dance and Magic Flights of 40 feet.

CANTERBURY.—ARIEL! ARIEL! ARIEL!

The Morning Post says: "Grace, ingenuity, and celerity are united in remarkable combination." This performance is novel, pretty, and unique, and therefore well worth seeing."

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1879.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

IT is alike difficult to draw, and to avoid drawing, comparisons between popular English actors and our French visitors. The attempt is being made extensively, however, and as a constant visitor to English and French theatres, I venture to add my opinion. Three members of the Comédie Française seem to me to have no parallels on the English stage—MM. Got, Delaunay, and the elder Coquelin. Mr. Arthur Cecil is a sort of minor Got, but of course the young actor of whom we are so proud lacks the experience and practice of the *doyen* of the Comédie Française. M. Coquelin I regard as the first comedian in the world. The force, ease, and vivacity of M. Delaunay place him far above any *jeune premier* I ever saw, whether in dress pieces or modern plays; and his forcible performance of such a part as Alceste in the *Misanthrope* proves the range of his powers. On the other hand, such fire, passion, and intensity as Mr. Irving displays in some of his delineations have not been seen at the Gaiety; the nearest approach was the acting of M. Mounet-Sully in the last act of *Hernani*. There are points of resemblance between Mr. Hare and M. Thiron, despite their great dissimilarity. Both play old men—though of very different types—with remarkable skill. Mr. Bancroft and M. Febvre have not a little in common, though the latter more completely disguises his identity. I do not, of course, speak here of Mr. Bancroft in "Captain Hawtree" parts. M. Boucher and Mr. Conway will go well together, and M. Worms fills the place which on our stage is filled by Mr. Hermann Vezin. In this hasty comparison some excellent English actors are left unnamed, simply because parallels do not occur to me.

WITH regard to actresses, Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt may be properly linked with Miss Ellen Terry—both possess genius, the rarest gift of Heaven. We have no one to play old women of rank so perfectly as Mlle. Madeleine Brohan plays in such characters as the Marquise de Villemere; though, on the contrary, such performances as Mrs. Bancroft's Mrs. Northcott in the second act of *Sweethearts*, and the Vicar's wife in the adaptation of *Le Village*, are in their way equal to anything the French stage can show; and besides such impersonations as these, the manageress of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, for vivacity and humour, is no whit behind Mlle. Dinah-Felix. Mme. Provost-Ponsin also has no exact parallel on our boards. A direct comparison is afforded between this lady as Mme. Fourchambault and Mrs. John Wood in the same part in the adaptation, and the immense superiority of the French actress could not be for a moment mistaken. Mme. Favart and Mrs. Hermann Vezin are—if the phrase be permitted as applied to ladies—almost neck and neck. Mlle. Samary is rather ahead of Miss Lottie Venne. Mlle. Broisat has exceptional merits, but we have on our stage a number of young actresses far better than Mlles. Croizette and Richemberg, who as *sociétaires* fill such prominent parts in the Théâtre Français.

THE above had already been in type for some forty-eight hours when an article in the *World* gave this singular confirmation of the views expressed:—"The comparison of English with French actors is an invidious and difficult task, because of the conditions of nationality involved, but it may safely be stated that the Théâtre Français possesses no tragedian so skilled and impressive as Mr. Irving; that Miss Ellen Terry, if she may not model in clay or paint in oils, is yet as consummate an actress as Mlle. Bernhardt; while—to pursue the subject only for a moment longer—such personators of elderly gentlemen and homely character as MM. Got and Thiron have very competent rivals in Mr. Hare and Mr. Arthur Cecil, to name no more." There are few critics I would rather have on my side, in a theatrical controversy, than my friend Mr. Dutton Cook.

ONE of the best known of dramatic critics has a peculiarly hard time of it just now at the French plays—or so I am told, for though I am a regular visitor, it happens that we always sit at opposite ends of the same row. My friend is amiable and pleasant in manner, and politeness to the physically weaker sex is one of his chief characteristics. When, therefore, the other evening he looked through the little glass door at his side and noticed that one of the girls who hand the programmes had fainted, it is needless to say that he rose, went to her, picked her up, carried her downstairs, and treated her in the kindest and gentlest manner until she recovered; and it may be incidentally observed that she was a very good-looking girl. But now comes the extraordinary part of the story. There seems to be quite an epidemic of fainting among the girls whenever my friend approaches. They drop before him like partridges before the unerring gun of the experienced sportsman. In all directions and at all angles the fair programme distributors are said to swoon as he approaches, and the consequence is that most of his time is spent in picking them up, carrying them downstairs, &c., &c., &c., as aforesaid. The occupation he finds not altogether disagreeable, but somewhat fatiguing, and it rather interferes with his appreciation of the points of the play.

IT is generally supposed that a pair of horses get over the ground more quickly than a single horse can manage it, but so far as trotting a mile goes no pair has ever approached the times made by several different horses in single harness. The times of some of the best trotters are thus given in the *Spirit of the Times*:—Dexter, 2:17 $\frac{1}{4}$, at Buffalo, N.Y.; Flora Temple, 2:19 $\frac{1}{4}$, at Kalamazoo, Mich.; Goldsmith Maid, 2:14, at Mystic Park, Boston, Mass.; Hopeful, 2:14 $\frac{1}{2}$, at Minneapolis, Minn.; Rarus, 2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$, at Buffalo, N.Y. The best time ever made by a double team is 2 min. 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.

A MUSICAL critic the other day discovered a very ingenious method of escaping from a difficulty. He was condemned to listen to the performance of a very long and worse than indifferent solo on the violin, and when it was quite finished, the well-meaning gentleman who had written and played it came forward for congratulations, hoping that the critic had not been fatigued, had not disliked the idea, &c., &c. The poor critic had been very much fatigued and disliked it exceedingly, but though he did not wish to say what was not true, he also desired to avoid hurting the feelings of the author of his misery. "My dear fellow," he said, "I really do not know which to admire most, your composition or the manner in which you execute it!" The composer was delighted, not for a moment suspecting that the frantic critic considered both equally deplorable.

I AM glad to see that complaints are being made as to the absence of sign-posts at cross-roads, and the illegible inscriptions on many which exist. Local authorities may not be generally aware that they are liable to penalties for neglecting to place sign-posts where roads meet and run in different directions. What is wanted in the country is some method of guiding the traveller on a dark night. I have not a suggestion to offer, but can imagine no more tragic situation than to be in the middle of a huge common on a pouring wet night, to come across a sign-post, to swarm up the wet and slippery surface, and try to read the inscription by the light of a sputtering fusee. A man who could keep his temper under these circumstances could give many points to Patient Penelope. I have tried it and speak feelingly.

Mlle. CROIZETTE has certainly failed to make a mark in England, and I have reason to know that the more judicious and impartial French critics agree with the English estimation of her. Her death scene in the *Sphinx* was not by any means horrible and all but the most morbid of the audience must have been relieved to see that she did not foam or turn green. Two little accidents occurred in the course of the performance—one during the death-scene. In Paris Mlle. Croizette, who falls heavily, has a large chair specially screwed on to the stage, so that she can drop back safely. She did not attend rehearsal at the Gaiety, however, so nothing was known about her chair, and in falling back she nearly had a very awkward tumble. The other *contretemps* was in the moonlit forest, in the third act. When, as Blanche, she embraced De Savigny (M. Worms), she left upon the shoulder of his dark coat several patches of white powder from her face, and thus made the love scene ridiculous. This is the sort of thing one expects at amateur performances; one looks for it, and likes it there—but with the Comédie Française it is surprising.

THERE were at Ascot some of the ready-money bookmakers who do not always "weigh in" scrupulously after a race, and a young friend of mine from Eton suffered at the hands of one of them. The ingenuous youth had spotted a winner, and disdaining my recommendation not to bet with unknown men, put a sovereign on the horse with "Mr. Cooper." The race was run, and our horse won easily, whereupon the young backer went to get his money. But Mr. Cooper had disappeared, and earnest inquiries after him and the 5 to 1 were met by the response that no one knew that particular Mr. Cooper, but the informant added, "There's a many of that name about to-day, sir." This observation, with the accompanying shrug of the shoulders and wink of the eye, told a plain story with unmistakable point. "Mr. Cooper" has not been heard of since.

PAROLE was beaten at Ascot, and there seems good reason to suppose that he is a non-stayer; but it was not to Parole that the Americans pinned their faith. The sporting journals in that country declare that he never showed courage when fairly collared, and we have not yet seen the pick of Mr. Lorillard's team. Duke of Magenta is the animal which seems to American writers to fulfil every possible requisite of what a racehorse should be. He has been out of form since his arrival in England; but these authorities say, with much unanimity, that if he recovers, is really well enough to do his best, and is beaten by any English horse—at weight for age I suppose they mean—they will acknowledge the inferiority of American animals. I shall be glad to see Duke of Magenta in form, and know more than one owner who will be more than ready to take up or throw down the gage as the case may be.

RAPIER.

It is stated that the majority of masters of foxhounds throughout the kingdom have signed a memorial to the effect that the Quorn should be satisfied with substantiating their claim to the Billesden side, and not enforcing it.

The Alexandra Palace Horse Show closed on Wednesday last. Owing to the copious rains which fell during the previous day, the state of the trial-ring was that of a bog, and the managers of the show exercised a wise discretion in having the Prince of Wales's beautiful pair of Arabs paraded on the trotting track. There was, of course, the usual display of all classes, commencing with the thoroughbred stallions, likewise shown with admirable form on the trotting track, which was, notwithstanding all the rain, in good condition. At three o'clock the Punjaubees, as they are called, commenced their feats of horsemanship, lance and sword exercises, which were witnessed with much excitement by the spectators, who by this hour had grown to considerable dimensions in point of numbers, amongst whom were the occupants of a good many four-in-hand drags. The jumping competition for ladies followed, the awards being adjudged to the skill of the fair riders, and not to the merits of the horses which they rode. Amongst the riders were Miss Streeter, Miss Bryant, Mrs. Robinson, Miss Bradley, and Mrs. Williams. To Miss Bryant, who rode with extraordinary grace as well as skill, was awarded the first prize, to Mrs. Williams the second, and to Miss Streeter (whose horse performed a singular feat by bolting with his rider round the course, and concluded by clearing the five-foot gate leading in the paddock) the third prize, which she richly deserved, considering how pluckily she kept her seat whilst the bit was evidently in the horse's teeth.

THE LATE MR. CHARLES CALVERT.

The provincial stage and provincial audiences in general owe a deep debt of gratitude to the memory of the late Mr. Charles Calvert, and that the obligation is recognised is proved by the circumstances that attended the deceased actor's funeral. Between Manchester and the Brooklands Cemetery, where lie the mortal remains of Charles Alexander Calvert, no fewer than 50,000 people had assembled to pay to their friend and teacher the last tribute of respect in their power to offer. It is in this peaceful spot that he rests, after a long and honourable life, the effects of which, happily, yet remain, and may be distinctly traced in many of the theatres to which he had at different times devoted his attention.

It would not be correct to rank Mr. Charles Calvert with the great actors whose names are immortal. He came somewhat short of the highest excellence, albeit some of his impersonations—and notably perhaps that of Shylock—were of very remarkable merit and power. It was not only as actor, however, but as manager—employing the word in its fullest significance—that Mr. Calvert greatly distinguished himself. From his earliest days his inclination was towards the stage. Although born in London, on February 28, 1828, Charles Calvert came of an old Lancashire family, in past times of some note and importance, one of his ancestors having been secretary to James I., and another representing the city of Manchester in the Parliament of the Commonwealth. From Manchester, therefore, Mr. Calvert appropriately dates. It was the city of his adoption, where the best part of his professional life was passed, and his greatest successes achieved. He was educated at King's College School, and articled to a solicitor, and it is said that a visit to Sadler's Well's Theatre one evening, when Mr. Phelps was playing Macbeth, decided his future career. In 1852 he was engaged at the Weymouth Theatre, and worked hard there, at Southampton and at Swansea, to learn the rudiments of the profession he had adopted. In September, 1855, that great event in the life of a provincial actor, a London engagement, fell to his lot, and he made his first appearance at the Surrey Theatre, playing Gonzago in *The Wife*, and the Prince in *King Henry IV*. In the next year he married Miss Adelaide Biddle, an actress of American reputation, and in 1859 he went as the leading man and stage manager to the Theatre Royal, Manchester, where, as a Shakesperian actor, he made a powerful impression, and his abilities as a stage manager were so conspicuous as to influence some gentleman to erect a theatre for him—the well-known Prince's, in Manchester. The spirited way in which he managed that really great establishment, and the artistic production by him, on a scale of much magnificence, of a series of Shakesperian revivals, went far towards making the theatre one of the first in the kingdom, besides winning for him a very high reputation as an artist and a scholar.

Charles Calvert was actuated from first to last by one motive—to do the best things in the best way. The manager very naturally and properly believed in the attractive powers of a handsome *mise-en-scène*, scorning the notion that because scenic art and illusion had been comparatively unknown in Shakespeare's days, the best way to represent his works was in a manner which would place them—as regards gratification to the eye—in a lower position than the most trumpery melodrama. Had Shakespeare been able to mount his pieces gorgeously, and realise the pictures he drew, who thinks he would have preferred a bare stage? It was Charles Calvert's custom to lavish time, pains, and money on the decorations of the Shakesperian plays he produced, and he did so in the belief that he was thereby humbly doing honour to the great master. In this respect he was fortunate in obtaining for nearly all his revivals the services of that skilful artist and accomplished antiquarian, Mr. Alfred Thompson. The two worked diligently together, with what results playgoers know. Few more gorgeous, and at the same time more tasteful and artistic, spectacles have been seen upon the stage than those which under Charles Calvert's direction raised to so high a point the reputation of the Prince's Theatre, Manchester.

His Shylock has been mentioned, and another performance which should not be passed over without a word of special praise was his dual impersonation of King James and Trapbois, the miser in Mr. A. Halliday's *King o' Scots*, an adaptation of "The Fortunes of Nigel." In both characters the resources of his art were strikingly displayed. Concerning them an admirer writes to us, "He was wonderfully good in both characters, his physique being peculiarly adapted to the part of the King (*vide* Sir Walter Scott), and he created at the time considerable astonishment by his marvellous change to the haggard miser." In 1875 Mr. Calvert left the Prince's Theatre, and went to America to reproduce at Booth's theatre *King Henry the Fifth*, which had proved so attractive in the provinces. We have before us a copy of the work as arranged for representation, and the loving care bestowed upon it by the manager is discernible on every page. The production of *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Sardanapalus*, and *Richard III*. were among the notable incidents of Mr. Calvert's connection with the Prince's. His last performance was some three months since, at the Queen's, Manchester, in a play called *Esop*, specially written for him, and of which we gave at the time a detailed notice and illustration. The actor made his usual success, and interest was given to the production by reason of the fact that under the name of "Baltimore" Mr. Calvert's second son made a very promising first appearance.

The continuous strain of hard work at last told upon Charles Calvert; his brain gave way, and he died at Hammersmith on the 12th of the present month.

The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones,
Shakespeare has said, but this is not the case with Charles Calvert. In public life he strove to do with all his might whatever his hand found to do; in private life he was generous, kind, and true, and the good which he did still lives. His memory will not soon pass away.

THE RANELAGH CLUB's annual stump and ball match between the Royal Horse Guards (Blue) and the Scots Guards was brought to an issue on Saturday afternoon in extremely dull and cheerless weather, before a comparatively small audience. The Blues were represented by Lord E. Somerset, Mr. J. F. Brocklehurst, Lord Kilmarnock, Mr. C. W. Selwyn, the Hon. C. W. Fitzwilliam, Mr. E. Atherley, Mr. H. F. L. Melladen, Mr. G. L. Wickham, Mr. A. W. Merry, Mr. R. M'Alpine, and Mr. J. M. Taylor; whilst those playing for the Scots Guards were Viscount Coke, the Hon. L. White, Mr. C. G. Sinclair, the Hon. J. C. Vanneck, Mr. A. C. Knollys, Mr. F. L. Campbell, the Hon. N. de L. Dalrymple, Mr. H. Wickham, the Hon. A. Hay, Mr. R. Dundas, and Mr. G. H. S. Dawson-Damer. It was a capitally contested match, and eventually ended in favour of the Blues by 12 runs, as they totalled 62 to their opponents' 50. Lord Kilmarnock, both in batting and bowling, contributed mostly to their success, and the best score for the Scots Guards was made by Mr. C. G. Sinclair, who put together 24. The next feature of interest at this club is the hunters show, arranged for this day (Saturday). There are three classes, valuable silver cups being offered for the best performer in each. The judges are Lord Tredegar, Viscount Valentia, Mr. J. Welby, and Captain A. Summer.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DOCKING HORSES' TAILS.

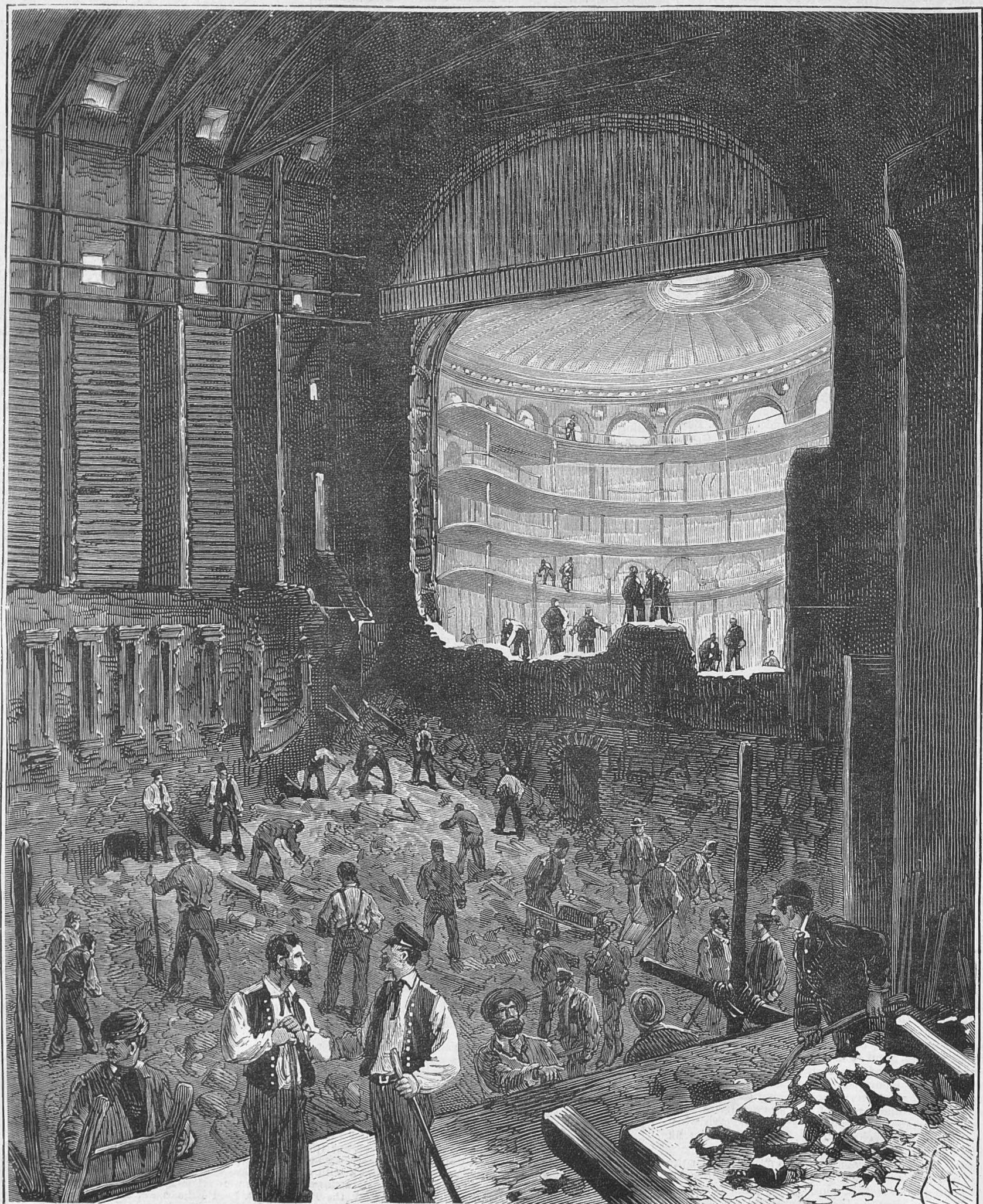
(To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)
Sir,—Referring to my letter which was published on the 14th of June, I wish to add that a reason occasionally given for docking is that the tail of an undocked horse will splash the carriage with mud. This can easily be prevented by cutting the hair of the tail sufficiently short, or by tying it up when the roads are very muddy. One of the disadvantages arising from docking is that if a horse with a short tail is turned into a

field he cannot easily get rid of the flies. There is not much difficulty in obtaining undocked horses (that is, horses with docks of the natural length), for there are some dealers who frequently have such horses on sale. An examination of the dock will show whether it has been shortened. If the tail is in its natural state (that is, no portion of the dock cut off) the hair grows thickly at the end, or tip, of the dock, and there is no bare space there, but if the dock has been shortened there is at the end of it a circular space of about an inch in diameter entirely bare of hair. The operation of docking is painful, and it sometimes causes lock-jaw. On the grounds, therefore, of humanity to the horses, as well as because they are disfigured by it, the

practice in question should be discouraged by purchasers of horses.
I am, &c., X.Y.Z.

London, June 16, 1879.

Sir,—In your issue of the 21st June, there is an article headed "Veterinarian," replying to my letter, which appeared on the 14th of the same month. It is stated that accidents are constantly occurring from undocked horses switching their tails, when in harness, and the writer relates the particulars of one, the results of which he witnessed. Considering that he appears to entertain an opinion that very little importance should be attached to the evidence of "friends," it might have been reasonably expected that he



DEMOLITION OF THE "THÉÂTRE ITALIEN," PARIS.

would have mentioned what has been his own personal experience in driving undocked horses, and whether an accident has ever occurred, when he has held the reins in his own hands, instead of saying that he has heard of accidents, which, I suspect, may have been attributable to the carelessness of the drivers, or in the above-mentioned case, to which he specially alludes, to that of the brickmaker's wife, who was left for a short time, in charge of the horse. I know an instance of a pony thirteen hands in height, which has been driven in a phaeton for several years by ladies and no accident has happened. I have examined the tail of the pony myself, and have

ascertained that the dock has not been shortened. The foreman of a jobmaster, who has driven horses of all sorts, told me that he has often driven undocked horses, and considers them to be quite as safe as docked horses. A veterinary surgeon lately stated to me that docking is useless, and he showed me the unshortened dock of a horse which he had been driving. Funeral horses are not docked, and there are many undocked carriage horses, besides many undocked ponies which are driven in harness. The writer of the article in question has not stated his reasons for supposing that a short dock is less liable than a long dock to get over the reins. I should feel obliged if he will have

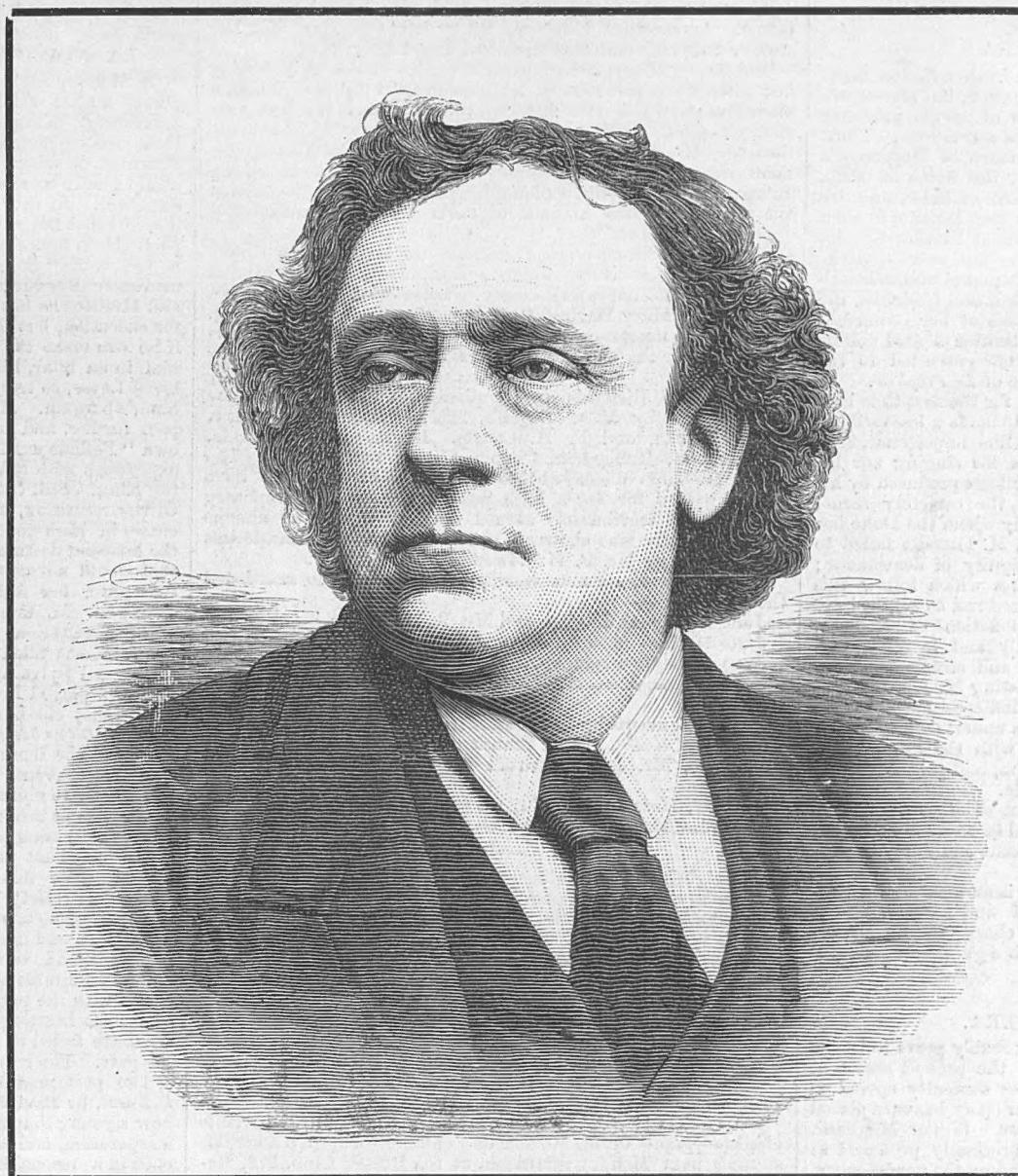
the kindness to give some explanation upon this point.—I am, &c., B.B.

London, June 24, 1879.

THE Brighton Pigeon Society flew their first race with old birds this season last week, the course being from Banbury, 100 miles. Twenty birds were liberated at nine minutes past six, and seventeen arrived home at a few minutes past nine, the winner (belonging to Mr. Byerly) doing the distance in two hours and a half.

SARAH BERNHARDT'S STUDIO.

SARAH BERNHARDT'S atelier is a mirror of herself. The impression she leaves upon you is almost equalled by the impression left by a study of her surroundings. Her home is situated at the corner of the Avenue de Villiers and the Rue Fortuny. It is a very handsome structure overgrown with ivy, and was built after her own designs. When you enter the huge doorway you see staring at you from above it the motto of the fair owner, "Quand même." Then you press forward and find yourself in a vestibule with huge arcades and Chinese frescoes. To the right is the *salon d'attente*, in which you will remark a clever portrait of Sarah Bernhardt by Mlle. Abbema. On the left is a small staircase leading to the rooms above and to the back of the studio, and between the foot of the staircase and the curtained entrance to the *atelier* there is a curious-looking sedan-chair containing a dummy sitting upright, which strangers mistaking for a human being frequently address. Then you pass through the curtained doorway and enter the *atelier*, which is really the centre-piece of the house, and is as astonishing as the divinity who presides in it. You are at first at a complete loss to tell whether you are in a drawing-room, a studio, or a museum of curiosities, for there are the elements of all three therein. The walls tapestried in velvet, and the numerous couches and *fauveuils* scattered about, take away the idea of the studio and make you imagine you are in a drawing-room. You thread your way among the vases and easels towards the centre of the room and gaze around on an endless variety of attractions. Sarah Bernhardt is nothing if not



THE LATE MR. CHARLES CALVERT.

artistic, and in her studio she enjoys a happiness that she can find nowhere else; for the ruling passion of her life at present is painting. The stage has given her the highest honours it can bestow upon her, and she now pants for celebrity in another walk of art.

To her *atelier*, then, she descends at an early hour in the morning, by the staircase which may be seen in our illustration, and here she works unremittingly till midday, when she is called away to the rehearsals at the Théâtre Français. Here, too, she receives her visitors on her return in the afternoon, when she will recline gracefully on one of the huge couches, place her friends round her, and treat them to some of the daintiest *causerie* it is possible to imagine. When seated thus she is in just the *pose* that Clairin chose for the remarkable portrait of her which you see over the fireplace—the same frail but infinitely graceful form folded in loose drapery, which rolls beyond her feet, the same piercing intelligent eyes, shadowed by the wealth of hair above, the same finely chiselled features, all are there. It is Sarah Bernhardt as you think of her in her happiest vein. At her feet lies a Russian greyhound. You will certainly find out before you have been long her guest that she is a lover of dogs, and is generally followed about by a troop of them. Then having completed your survey of the portrait, you stroll about, and more attentively study the gems of art and the rich stuffs that are scattered about. Then if you are on a footing of intimacy with the fair hostess you may perhaps be allowed to see the *chambre à couche*, with its black satin tapestries and the famous coffin in which she once lay to have her photograph taken, wittily excusing the action by calling it "L'épreuve avant la lettre." We may add that the chair in the middle of the picture is that whose story, told by itself "In the Clouds," we are now giving.



MILITARY ATHLETIC SPORTS AT HOUNSLAW,

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

DURING the past week there has been no fresh addition made to the repertory of the season at Covent Garden, but one or two of the repetitions which have been given of operas produced earlier in the season have presented special attractions. Thus, in the list of artists engaged in the performance of Meyerbeer's tragic opera, *Le Prophète*, on Saturday last, the name of Mlle. Rosine Bloch appeared as the representative of Fides, and we are happy to say that her success was no less legitimate than decided. No one—not even excepting Madame Viardot-Garcia, of whose Fides we have a full recollection—has ever so completely realised the dramatic ideal of the character, and although Mlle. Bloch's voice has lost some of its power and freshness, the rôle of Fides appeared to be within the means at her command, and her sympathetic and impassioned vocalisation elicited enthusiastic applause. The other characters were entrusted to the same artists as at the previous performance of *Le Prophète*.

M. Lassalle, on Monday last, appeared for the first time here as Renato in Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*. He made a less striking success than that which had rewarded his fine impersonation of Nélusko, in *L'Africaine*, and neither in his singing nor his acting did he succeed in surpassing the effects produced by his predecessors, Graziani and Maurel. In the cemetery scene, where Renato discovers that the veiled lady whom the Duke has committed to his charge is his own wife, M. Lassalle failed to invest the character with the requisite dignity of demeanour; nor was his acting, in the exciting scenes which follow this discovery, so spontaneously earnest and natural as might have been expected from his previous impersonation of Nélusko. Nevertheless, his Renato was, both vocally and histrionically, worthy of the hearty applause it elicited, and strengthened the favourable opinions already formed respecting M. Lassalle. It should be mentioned that, owing to the indisposition of Signor Gayarré, the rôle of the Duke Riccardo was undertaken by Signor Nouelli, whose imperfect acquaintance with the music interfered with the complete success of the opera, and probably exercised a depressing influence on M. Lassalle.

Mlle. Louise Pyk has made a successful *début* as Leonora in *Il Trovatore*, but must be heard again, and in another character, before a definitive judgment on her merits can fairly be pronounced.

M. Massenet's opera, *Il Re di Lahore*, is announced for production to-night, with Miles. Turolla and Pasqua, Signor Gayarré and M. Lassalle in the chief characters, under the direction of Signor Vianesi, whose name is a guarantee for completeness of preparation.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

The production of Verdi's *Aida* will probably prove to be the most memorable event in the history of the present season at Her Majesty's Opera. Mr. Mapleson has evidently spared no pains to ensure success, and the spectacular opera has been placed on the stage with a superb *mise en scène*. Signor Magnani, under whose superintendence *Aida* was originally produced at Cairo, has been specially engaged to design the new scenery, and has provided a series of pictures which are for the most part sterling works of art. The Theban street scene—the picture of "The Banks of the Nile," and the final scene of the "Temple of Vulcan," are worth seeing for their own sakes. Equal taste has been shown by Signor Zamperoni in designing the new and gorgeous costumes, and the spectacle would be thoroughly oriental in character, but for the absurd effect of the fair complexions preserved by the chorus and ballet. Mlle. Katti Lanner has arranged the incidental dances with much inventive skill, and, in short, every care has been taken to provide a representation of Verdi's opera, complete in every detail.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg on this occasion made her *rentrée* as Aida, after an absence of ten years, during which interval she has occupied a prominent position on the operatic stage in America. Her voice has lost nearly half its former power, but retains its musical and sympathetic quality, and she sings as tastefully as ever, while her acting shows the finish of style which can only be acquired by study and abundant practice. *Aida* is not a part which affords many chances for vocal display, and yet it presents a number of difficulties and intricacies which tax the ability of the most skilful vocalist. These difficulties were successfully encountered by Miss Kellogg, and she merited the good opinion of musicians as well as the applause bestowed upon her by the public.

Signor Campanini was an ungraceful Radamès, and sang "Celeste Aida" so badly, and with such faulty intonation, that the audacity of a knot of disinterested enthusiasts, seated in the gallery stalls, became astounding when they insisted on a repetition of the aria, which had been coldly received by the majority of the audience. Signor Galassi's fine voice found good scope in the rôle of Amonasro, and he sang well. His acting was too fussy and violent, and must be toned down. Signor Foli, as the High Priest, Ramfiz (what singular names librettists invent!), and Signor Susini, as the King, did justice to the dramatic requirements of their rôles; but Signor Susini's low notes were inaudible in the concerted music. The chief success on this occasion was made by Madame Trebelli in the character of Amneris. She sang and acted in her best style—which is much to say—and achieved one of the greatest triumphs she has ever secured. Her performance would have been completely satisfactory had she applied the *couleur locale* to her face. Sir Michael Costa conducted with his usual care and skill, and the audience received the opera with enthusiastic applause. At the second representation, on Monday last, *Aida* was even more successful than on the first night. The splendour of its spectacular attractions will probably render it a highly popular addition to the repertory of Her Majesty's Opera.

Dinorah was announced for Tuesday last, but was postponed, "owing to the indisposition of Madame Gerster," and *Rigoletto* was substituted, in which M. Roudil, as Rigoletto, gained a further step in public favour.

Up to the present time only one (*Aida*) of the eight novelties promised in the prospectus has been produced.

The first public concert of the students of the National Training School for Music, at South Kensington, was given on Monday last, and attracted a large audience, amongst whom were T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Princess and Prince Christian, and the élite of the musical profession. The concert was highly successful, and afforded gratifying proof of the excellence of the teaching provided at the new training school. This was also evinced in the improvement shown by many of the pupils who took part in the private concert given by the students of the Training school last year at the Mansion House. Amongst the most successful appearances on Monday last were those of Miss Gertrude Bradwyn (contralto), Miss Annie Marriott, and Miss Ellen Sherley (soprani), Mr. Frank Boyle (tenor), Mr. Frederick King (barytone), Mr. W. Hodge (organist), Miss Adelaide Thomas, Mr. Herbert Sharpe, and Mr. Frederick Cliffe (pianists), and Mr. Eugene D'Albert, pianist and composer. The last-mentioned student is only thirteen years old, but his execution of Schumann's difficult pianoforte concerto in A minor was

worthy of a veteran pianist, and a "concert overture," composed and scored by him alone was a wonderful instance of precocious talent. An excellent band was led by Mr. Carrodus, and Dr. Arthur Sullivan conducted in quiet but masterly style.

The New Philharmonic Society's season closed on Saturday last with a capital concert, ably conducted by Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, under whose sole direction the past season has been carried on with credit to himself and the New Philharmonic Society. Herr von Bülow having declined to fulfil his engagement, his place was acceptably filled by Madame Montigny Rémaury, whose brilliant pianoforte playing more than consoled the audience for the absence of the concealed denunciator of "petticoat pianists."

The Third Subscription Concert of the Henry Leslie Choir, given last week at St. James's Hall, closed the subscription season of this renowned society. Solos were sung by Mrs. Patey, Miss Mary Davies, Mr. Maas, Mr. McGuckin, and Mr. Stanley, and numerous part songs, madrigals, &c., were admirably sung by the choir, under the able direction of Mr. Henry Leslie.

Miss Bessie Richards gave a pianoforte recital on Tuesday last, assisted by Mlle. Dariali, MM. Shakspere, Kummer, Franz-Néruda, and F. H. Cowen. In selections from Gade, Mendelssohn, Rubinstein, Chopin, Greig, and Brahms, Miss Bessie Richards displayed the sterling qualities which have rapidly gained for her a high position amongst contemporary pianists, and legitimately earned the hearty and unanimous applause which was showered upon her. The vocal music was accompanied by Mr. F. H. Cowen in masterly style.

Among recent concerts worthy of notice may be mentioned those given by—

June 19, Signor Carrion, and Mr. B. Hollander.

June 21, Miss Lizzie Mulholland, and Signor Isidore de Lara.

June 23, Herr von Bülow.

June 24, Mr. Marshall H. Ball, Miss Kate Rae, Mrs. Bucknall-Eyre.

June 25, concert by the professional students of the London Academy of Music, Signor Branca.

June 26, Mr. John Thomas's harp concert, Signor Ferri's matinée.

June 27, Herr Lehmeier's fifth popular concert, Mr. Charles Halles concluding pianoforte recital.

The eighth and concluding concert of the Philharmonic Society will be given at St. James's Hall next Wednesday evening, under the direction of Mr. W. G. Cusins. Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony, and Mr. G. A. Macfarren's symphony in E minor, will be included in the programme, and M. Saint Saëns will play an organ solo.

M. Niedzielski, the violinist, will give his evening concert on Wednesday next at Steinway Hall, assisted by Mmes. Sinico, Leibhart, and Fairman; MM. Shakspere, Uriel, Vergara, Romano, Tito Mattei, and other artists.

M. Saint Saëns will give a pianoforte recital at Steinway Hall, on Thursday next.

Miles. Louise and Jeanne Douste, the wonderful juvenile pianists—pupils of M. Mortier de Fontaine—will give a matinée musicale next Monday afternoon, at the Russell Club, 316, Regent-street, assisted by Mrs. Osgood, Mr. Shakspere, Mlle. De Bonno, the Rev. Scotson Clark, and Sir Julius Benedict.

We regret to learn that Mr. Fred. C. Packard, the well-known tenor of Mr. Carl Rosa's Opera Company, has lost his reason. He had long been engaged to Miss Julia Gaylord, the popular prima donna, and the marriage was to have taken place at New York at the beginning of this month. On the eve of the marriage day the unfortunate gentleman became insane, and is now the inmate of a lunatic asylum.

M. Maurel, of the Royal Italian Opera, was last week engaged by M. Vaucozel for the Grand Opera, Paris.

The first annual report of the "Orphan School and Benevolent Fund for Musicians," founded five years back by Miss Helen Kenway, has just been published. A large amount of good has been done with small means, and those who may feel disposed to contribute assistance to a laudable object may address Miss Helen Kenway, at South Hill House, South Lyncombe, Bath.

Signor Ronilli announces his annual matinée, under the patronage of H.R.H. Prince Leopold, Lord and Lady Breadalbane, &c., for Thursday evening, July 3rd, at the Steinway Hall.

Mrs. Cunnah's soirée musicale was given, on Tuesday last, at Spencer House, by permission of the Earl and Countess Spencer, and the artists who assisted Mrs. Cunnah were Miss Mary Davis, Mlle. Redeker, Mr. Barton McGuckin, and Mr. Maybrick, Herr Strauss (violin), and Mr. J. B. Zerbini (viola). Mr. Cowen, and Mr. Lindsay Sloper were the conductors.

Miss Marion Beard's concert took place on Monday evening last, by the permission of Mrs. Aldcroft, at Lancaster Gate, when she appeared as vocalist and instrumentalist, and introduced a new song composed for her by Signor Arditi, entitled "The Orphan's Prayer," which was received with great applause. Amongst other pieces Miss Beard played a solo on the harp by Oberthür, with orchestral parts arranged for piano and stringed quartett, the executants being Miss Saunders, Signor Erba, MM. Albert, Fernandez, and Herr Weber. Mlle. Arditi assisted by giving two recitations at intervals during the concert.

Mr. John Farmer's oratorio, *Christ and His Soldiers*, is announced for performance at St. James's Hall, on Saturday afternoon, July 5th, at 3 o'clock. The soloists will be Miss Jose Sherrington, Miss Annie Butterworth, Mr. Arthur Hooper, and Mr. Thurley Beale, with a selected orchestra and chorus (including Mr. Stedman's choir boys) of 350 performers. Organist, H. J. Stark, Mus. Bac. Conductor, Mr. John Farmer. The oratorio will be preceded by the "Pageant Music," or serenade for full orchestra, written by the same composer, for the opening of the Art Museum, at Nottingham.

Miss Emma Howson, the original Josephine in *H. M. S. Pinafore*, has been presented by the directors of the Opera Comique with a ring, having the name "Josephine" worked in diamonds. Miss Howson has left on a short visit to New York, but returns to England in the autumn to support Mr. Sims Reeves in his provincial tour of ballad opera and concert. During her stay in America she will play special engagements of the *Pinafore*.

HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES.—LAMPLough's PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints, and inflammation. Use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism. Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 113, Holborn-hill, London.—[ADVR.]

"KEATING'S POWDER" destroys bugs, fleas, moths, beetles, and all other insects, whilst quite harmless to domestic animals. In exterminating beetles the success of this powder is extraordinary. It is perfectly clean in application. See you purchase "KEATING'S," as imitations are noisy and ineffectual. Sold in tins, 1s. and 2s. 6d. each, by all Chemists.—[ADVR.]

THE MODERN BICYCLE. By Charles Spencer. With practical illustrations. Containing complete instructions for beginners, choice of a machine, hints on training, and a road-book of journeys in England and Wales. Price 1s., picture cover.—F. WARNE and Co., Bedford-street, Strand, and of all booksellers.—[ADVR.]

THE DRAMA.

LA COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE AT THE GAIETY.

On Monday night, *Gringoire* by Theodore de Banville was given—a piece which as acted by the Comédie Française, is very interesting. King Louis XI., and his barber-minister Olivier-le-Daim, are supping at the house of a wealthy mercer, Simon Fourniez, on whom in consideration of former services Louis would gladly bestow an Embassy, but Simon will not leave his daughter. As they are at supper a noise is heard outside, and it seems that the people are applauding Gringoire, the Radical poet. He is brought in, and being promised a supper for a song, he recites the "Ballade des Pendus," or "Gibbet" song, and immediately afterwards learns that he is in the presence of the King and Minister he has satirised. He is to be handed over to Oliver for execution, but the King gives him one chance of escape; if he can make the beautiful Loyse, Simon's daughter, accept him in an hour, his life shall be spared. Gringoire has long loved Loyse, so truly indeed that he will not tell her of the King's bargain. He tells her that the King has chosen a poor poet for her, and in defence of such a husband he recites his own "Ballade des Pauvres." This moves her to tears, and she expresses a wish that such a writer might be the man chosen by the King. Still Gringoire will not win her by her pity, and Olivier returning, he is to be led off to execution, when the King enters in high good humour, tells Loyse that Gringoire was the husband destined for her, and she recognising the heroism that would not gain her hand for pity's sake, gladly accepts Gringoire, her father is appointed to an Embassy, and all ends well. M. Coquelin delighted his audience as Gringoire, and his recitations of the two ballads were superbly delivered. M. Maubant filled the part of the King satisfactorily, and M. Barré and Sylvain were also included in the cast. Mlle. Barretta played Loyse with much charm, and Madame Provost-Ponsin may also be commended. Then came de Musset's graceful comedy, *On ne badine pas avec l'Amour*. The plot is a simple one, Perdicane, the Baron's son, is to marry Camille, his cousin, who has just left a convent. They meet, and Camille receives him so coldly that partly to make her jealous and partly to amuse himself he makes violent love to the little Rosette, her foster-sister, and ends by proposing to her, having assured himself that Camille is listening. That young lady is at last jealous, and asks Perdicane how long this nonsense with Rosette is going to continue. "Only for thirty or forty years," he says, but in the end Camille and he avow their love for each other. Rosette overhears them and dies of a broken heart, Perdicane avows himself a murderer, and Camille bids him farewell. M. Delaunay was wholly admirable as Perdicane, and Mlle. Reichemberg was well suited with the part of the innocent Rosette, who is sacrificed somewhat heartlessly it would seem by the other lovers. Mlle. Croizette failed to impress us as Camille, being too heavy for the part. The remaining characters were cleverly filled.

The performances on Tuesday night commenced with *Chez l'Avocat*, by Paul Ferrier, a pretty little piece, which shows us how a young couple go to see a lawyer in order to arrange about a separation, and while waiting for him have a quarrel, which ends in a reconciliation. It was well played by M. Boucher and Mlle. Samary. The chief piece of the evening, however, was Sandeau's *Mlle. de la Seiglière*, a play first produced at the Théâtre Français in 1852, and a charming comedy it is. The story is briefly as follows:—The Marquis de la Seiglière comes home after twenty-one years' exile, and a farmer, Thomas Stampy, who has bought his confiscated estate, nobly returns it to him, the Marquis looking upon this simply as an act of justice. Stampy has been partially led to do this by the Baronne de Vaubert, a scheming lady, who hopes to marry her son Raoul, an enthusiastic young naturalist, to Hélène, the charming daughter of the Marquis. But the Baronne counts without M. Destournelles, a lawyer in the neighbourhood, whose addresses she had refused. To the surprise of everyone, Bernard Stampy, the son of the old farmer who is dead, comes back safe from the war in which he was supposed to be slain, and thus by French law the donation of the estate to the Marquis by his father is null and void. Destournelles aids Bernard, and the Marquis is going to resist, when the Baronne counsels prudence. Bernard is made welcome at the house, and, as she anticipates, is so charmed with Hélène that he will not turn her out of her home. Destournelles of course is disgusted at this, but he is rewarded by finding that Hélène and Bernard love each other, and that Raoul, the Baronne's son, is left out in the cold. Thus the lawyer is triumphant, but the Baronne rises to the situation and gives him the very place to secure which he courted her. The comedy is capital written, and would do well on the English stage. It has been adapted, we believe, by a Mr. Walter Lisle under the name of "The Lawyer Wins," but never played, while many objectionable French pieces find a home here. M. Coquelin played Destournelles with inimitable finish and force, and, indeed, the part is one in which he shows himself at his best. M. Thiron made an excellent Marquis, whose haughty forgetfulness of the new régime is so well brought out. M. Febvre was a manly Bernard, and M. Baillet played the small part of Raoul with discretion. As Hélène de la Seiglière, Mlle. Broisat acted with infinite brightness and charm, and it was easy to understand the fascination she exercises over Bernard Stampy. The performance was received with enthusiasm by a large audience, and was one of the most enjoyable yet given by the Comédie Française during their visit to the Gaiety Theatre.

On Wednesday evening, *Le Barbier de Séville* was given to an audience who seemed thoroughly to enjoy the humour of Beaumarchais, and the amusing situations of the piece, the story of which has obtained so wide a popularity on the lyric stage. Indeed, "the Barber" is so familiar to us with Rossini's music that the comedy, amusing as it is, has to be played with immense spirit in order to make us forget the delightful music. On this occasion the Barber was represented by an actor who is, in the full meaning of the words, a host in himself—we mean, of course, the elder Coquelin. The admirable comedian rattled through the piece as if he heartily enjoyed it, and his good spirits communicated themselves to the audience, who laughed heartily at this Prince of Figaros. M. Coquelin-caedet played Bazile exceedingly well, his command over his facial muscles being remarkable. M. Febvre was the Count Almaviva, but though it need scarcely be said that he played with much cleverness, his impersonation wanted the dashing gallantry which should distinguish the Count. Mlle. Barretta was a wholly delightful Rosine, and acted with infinite prettiness and coquetry. M. Thiron was a thoroughly satisfactory Bartholo, and MM. Martel, Joliet, Richard, and Reney completed a capital cast. The performance went with immense spirit from beginning to end, and was heartily applauded.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.

A new second part of Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainment was produced on Wednesday with success. It is called *Back from India*, and is written by Mr. Henry P. Stephens, with music by Mr. Cotsford Dick. The story illustrated is neatly arranged, and the interest of the audience is maintained throughout. A Mr. Grassleaf has been sent by his bosom

friend, Captain Rapier, to inspect a young lady whom the Captain's relations desired him to marry. Mr. Grassleaf was smitten by the charms of the girl himself, so he telegraphed to his friend "She is ugly and squints, and won't do for you;" and upon reading the verdict the Captain starts for India. In the beginning of the play Mr. Grassleaf is living very happily with his wife, the young lady in question, and her sister, at a pretty villa in Twickenham. The time is about three years subsequent to the visit of inspection. Suddenly Captain Rapier returns from India, and comes to call upon his old friend. Mr. Grassleaf is in despair, fearing that his treachery will be discovered, and he conceives some wonderful device to hide his wife's maiden name from the captain and to influence her against their guest. Every ruse, however, is foiled by the garrulity of a comic man-servant, Jeremiah Diggles, and the Captain soon discovers that he has been tricked. He revenges himself by improvising a song called "The Rajah of Piclillipore," in which he embodies the story of his wrongs, and introduces the very words of the false telegram. The attempt at an explanation on the part of Grassleaf results in a sort of challenge, and the household distress seems at its height, when the sister-in-law comes to the Captain and reveals to him an act of wonderful generosity displayed in the past by his adversary, upon which a happy reconciliation takes place, and a hint is given that the injured man may console himself with the other Miss Woodleigh. Mr. Corney Grain was manly and pleasant as the soldier, Mr. Law admirable as the comic servant, and Mr. Alfred Reed amusing as the husband; but the bluff vulgarity of the last character seemed a little accentuated. Miss Lucy Williams played the small part of the sister-in-law with care, and Miss Edith Brandon sang prettily as the wife, but her voice does not possess the power requisite for St. George's Hall. Mr. Cotsford Dick's music to this little piece is very effective. Miss E. Brandon's graceful solo, "When in the stillness of the night," was encored, as was the quartet, beginning "Tell me, Diggles, tell me true," in which Mr. Law was most amusing. The evening's entertainment commenced with "£100 Reward," which was followed by Mr. Corney Grain's "Calico Ball." The great success of this musical sketch has induced the postponement of "Rotten Row" until the re-opening of the entertainment in October next.

Victor Hugo's *Hernani* will be repeated by the Comédie Française, at the Gaiety, this (Saturday) afternoon.

The Folly Theatre opens on Monday under Madame Dolaro's management, when a new farcical comedy by Mr. Gilbert, entitled *Lord Mayor's Day*, of which report speaks highly, will be the chief attraction. It will be followed by *The First Night*. A strong company is engaged, including Mr. G. W. Anson, Mr. H. Nichols, &c.

The sensational Sarah is wounded to the heart by the unkind things said about her non-appearance last Saturday in the naughty newspapers. She declares she really was very ill, and that we are little better than brutes not to believe her.

Mr. Hermann Vezin takes his benefit at the Adelphi on July 2nd, when he will play *Richelieu*. The performance cannot fail to be a most interesting one.

The Worship of Bacchus, by Meritt and Pettit, will follow *East Lynne* at the Olympic Theatre.

Mr. Charles Kelly took his benefit at the Haymarket this week, when he and Miss Ellen Terry played delightfully in *New Men and Old Acres*.

Mr. George Coleman's benefit at the Olympic last Saturday afternoon passed off most successfully. *A Republican Marriage* was received with much favour, and Mrs. Scott-Siddeons gave a recitation which made us regret that we do not see more of this clever lady on the English stage.

Mr. Charles Collette has been giving his entertainment, consisting of his patter farce and various songs and impersonations, with great success at the Royal Aquarium, Brighton, where he is deservedly a favourite.

A new burlesque, entitled *Venus*, was to be produced at the Royalty Theatre last night.

The Majiltons are to open shortly at the Park Theatre, Camden Town.

A special morning performance will take place at the Criterion this afternoon for the benefit of Mr. H. Vaughan, who has been suffering from indisposition. The *pièce de résistance* will be a comedy by Mrs. Vaughan entitled *Mated*.

The Swanborough benefit was a great success, and Mr. Byron's address was cleverly written and much applauded.

A burlesque melodrama entitled, *Drink, Without a Reade*, by Messrs. Savile Clarke and Lewis Clifton is in rehearsal at the Folly. Madame Dolaro and Mr. Anson will appear in it, and it is said to be very amusing.

Sweet Bells Jangled, a new comedy drama will be given at a morning performance at the Olympic Theatre on Saturday.

East Lynne has been revived at the Olympic with a competent company, of which Miss Heath is the bright particular star. That accomplished lady plays the hapless Lady Isabel Carlyle like a thorough artist. There is real pathos in parts of the representation, and the whole performance is a competent one. Other parts are well sustained by Messrs. Barnes and Sinclair, and Misses Aubrey and Maria Harris.

Proof is now being played at the Surrey Theatre with a strong cast. Mr. T. Carden is an effective Pierre Lorance, and Mr. Lindsay makes the most of Lazare. Miss Elise Maisey plays Valentine sympathetically, and Mlle. Leigh and Ormsby also deserve praise.

THE Surrey Swimming Club met for the third time this season on Friday, 20th inst., to decide a 200yds handicap for members, for which 9 started. Result: H. H. Griffin, 50sec.; F. Brumlen, 8sec, 2; H. M. Milton, 13sec, 3; F. E. Odell, scratch, 4; A. Pears, 8sec, 0; R. Payton, 38sec, 0; G. Lucas, 45sec, 0; A. Gorham, 30sec, 0; G. Davis, 17sec, 0. Griffin made good use of his start, and had completed over 50yds before Odell took the water, who, starting at a terrific pace, caught Pears at the 100yds and turned only 2yds behind Brumlen. In the next length Brumlen spurted, and drawing away from Odell, was level with Milton at 150yds. A grand race between them then ensued in pursuit of Griffin, who, however, maintained his lead, and won by a yard from Brumlen, who just finished in front of Milton, Odell being a good fourth, with the rest close-up. Time: H. H. Griffin, 3m 41 1-5sec; F. Brumlen, 2m 59 4-5; H. Milton, 3m 5sec; F. E. Odell, 2m 54 4-5 sec.

On Saturday a large number of field sportsmen were at the auction sale of Lord Downe's setters, which took place at Aldridge's Repository. A brace, Dan (black and white) and Sam (liver and white), realised 104gs.; Duke, brother to Dan, 45gs.; and a brace, Don and Ruby, 52gs. Two brace of Irish setter puppies, four months old, fetched 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ gs. Three-and-a-half brace of lemon and white Clumber spaniels, from the kennel of the Earl of Haddington, were sold, and fetched fancy prices. A stud of 120 high-class saddle and harness horses were also sold, and buyers were plentiful.

M. SARCEY intends to write some brief critical observations on English actors and actresses, to be published after his return to France. They will make their appearance in *Le Temps*.

FAMOUS HOSTELRIES.

(Continued).

THE OLD CANTERBURY ARMS.*

There are few things in London more curious than the histories borne by its famous sites; the changes they record are often so wonderful, the contrasts they present so strange, and the historical personages and events with which they have been associated are often so intensely interesting. Of none is this more true than of the site occupied by a once famous hostelry in Lambeth Lower Marsh, known to generations past as The Pilgrims' Inn, to their predecessors as the Manor House of the Canons of Rochester,[†] and to their successors as the Canterbury Arms and the Old Canterbury Arms, and yet afterwards, when in more modern days it passed into the hands of Mr. Charles Morton, as the Canterbury Music Hall. This old inn stood, with its outbuildings and garden, close by what was of old known as the Pedlar's Acre, traditionally associated with a pedlar whose portrait figured for centuries in the painted glass of old Lambeth Church. It afterwards became known as the Church Hoppys (from hoppe, a neck of land projecting into the river), and then as the Church Osiers, presumably from its damp, swampy character. The story runs that its ancient owner was this pedlar, who gave it to the Church for permission to bury the body of his dog in the grave he had purchased for himself. Those who know what a pedlar's life was in the old, old days, and how much those hardy, enterprising, and solitary travellers, grunting and sweating under their weary loads along miserable foot-tracks and roads, owed to the protection and often the guidance of their dogs, this legend does not seem improbable. By a map of London, published in 1560, when this old inn was standing, it appears that all the land on the Surrey side of the Thames, from Lambeth Palace to Christ Church, was a marsh, which was enclosed at the end of the seventeenth century in parcels of an acre each, one of which was the Pedlar's and the two adjoining it were known respectively as the Maiden's and the Archbishop's Acre.

Lambeth is no longer a lonely village, drearily secluded amongst the marshes of the Thames. It has passed through that stage, and through that of an outlying suburb of the metropolis, and is now so thoroughly part and parcel of busy, noisy, smoky London that it is difficult to conceive it as having ever been anything else.

Nor is it easy to trace in the quiet Old Canterbury Arms of our sketch, with its flag flying as if for a theatrical performance, the rustic road before it, and the thinly-scattered houses around it, a thoroughfare so thickly crowded with tall houses and busy workshops, hurrying vehicles of all kinds, and an endless stream of coming and going pedestrians such as we now witness in the Westminster Bridge-road, from which it stood a little back, and not, as now, in the main road.

What a curious thing it is to conjure up the old hostelry when it was the hostel or residence of a canon of the church, when the stately, ambitious priests of religion's old Romish days held their grand metropolitan councils in the chapel of Lambeth Palace, and the neighbourhood was thronged with visitors to see the great ones of the land come and go in all their majesty and state! Bishop Anselm thus discussed the propriety of Norman Henry's marriage with pious Maud, the daughter of a Saxon queen and Scottish king, she having taken the veil as a nun to avoid, 'tis said, the lewd violence of the rude conquerors of her country.

And what a curious thing it is to stand in fancy by the ferry here, kept for crossing a stream or brook, and from under those old pollard willow trees recall the terrors of Wat Tyler's rebellion, when the red light of the bishop's burning palace was a beacon of alarm to London and this little village in the marsh of Lambeth was full of ghastly terror! Or going back a shorter distance, our fancy may pause in the year 1641 and recall how that piece of history repeated itself in the doings of a Puritan mob, who likewise assailed the palace at midnight, but, less luckily, found it strongly fortified.

When, by order of the Parliament, the archbishop's arms were taken down from the front of Lambeth Palace, and the archbishops themselves driven away—when their home was converted into a prison for Catholics, and their near of kin high churchman, as it had been for Lollards—and when there were no longer to be either pilgrims or pilgrimages, but only pie-nic and gipsy parties—then the hostelry which had thriven and grown prosperous on the steadily regular patronage of pious travellers changed with the times. The pilgrims no longer rested there; it was no longer "The Pilgrim's Rest." But Cuthbert Warbridge, then its landlord, did not altogether ignore the ancient character of his famous hostelry; he defred somewhat to the bigotry of the age, but he bravely put up for his sign one which every pilgrim to saintly shrines respected and honoured above all others, the arms of Canterbury, revered in connection with the shrine of old England's most popular and pugnacious saint, Thomas à Becket.

And if you care for reviving, in imagination, old scenes you may call up many a royal hunting party, or ceremonial cavalcade, riding by this old hostel on their way to the Royal palace at Kennington, where parliaments were often held. Or you may see quite a long procession of learned and pious men, coming one after another to seek refreshment and shelter or rest under its roof on their way to or from the great Church-palace of Lambeth. Or you may laugh out at the quips and cranks and merry jokes of old stage-players on their way to the Bankside, Southwark, from Whitehall, where they have been performing before the King, or Queen, or both. And amongst these you may see Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, and Allan of Dulwich, and many another whose long-honoured memory has cheered the hearts and fed the pride of generations of ambitious histrionics.

A. H. DOUBLEYEW.

MR. BOUCICAULT'S new Irish drama at Booth's Theatre in New York will be reproduced here early next year, when the author intends to return to London to sustain the part in the piece designed for himself.

WITH sincere regret we learn that Mr. Craven Robertson (brother of Mr. T. W. Robertson, the author, and of Miss Madge Robertson), is dead. He had entered upon an engagement with his company at the Holte Theatre, Aston, some few weeks since, but was seized with illness almost immediately afterwards, from which he has since been suffering, and a fatal termination was not unexpected. Mr. Craven Robertson was for many years associated with the *Caste* Company, and his death will be deeply regretted by a large circle of professional and private friends.

Four Oaks, Sutton Coalfield, formerly the residence of Sir John Hartopp, which is about 130 acres in extent, and fenced off by a high wall from Sutton Park, has been purchased by a body of gentlemen, who intend to form a company, and hold race meetings and other events of a like character, on much the same plan as that adopted at Sandown Park.

* A view of this ancient hostelry, as it appeared about seventy years ago, was given in our last issue.

+ The Manor of Lambeth was given by Goda, sister of Edward the Confessor, to the See of Rochester.

JUNE 1, 1879.

HEAD of a princely race,
Stay of his Mother,
Dowered with kindly grace,
Our almost brother.

Snatched from our sight with his manhood scarce won,
Struck from life's roll with his task still undone.

Joined with our soldier bands,
Hardly a stranger,
Warring in distant lands,
Laughing at danger;

Seeking for duty 'mid perils unseen,
Giving his life for his friend and our Queen.

Fearing no hidden foe,
Stealthily creeping
Where the tall grasses grow,
Caution was sleeping;

Gone was the thought of the terrors of war,
Slaughter and strife at that moment seemed o'er.

Sharply the rifle-crack
Suddenly sounded,
"Saddle up! Gallop back!
Quick! we're surrounded!

Make for the Donga, there's shelter down there;"
Thick dash the Zulus from out of their lair.

"Where is he?" No one knows.
"Can he be lying,
Stabbed by the crafty foes,
Wounded and dying?

Here's his horse riderless! Saddle flap torn"—
Dead lay the rider that steed should have borne.

England's great heart throbs,
Crushed without warning,
Deep are her pain-wrung sobs,
Sad is her mourning.

Died he a soldier's death, worthy his name,
Leaving behind him unsullied his fame.

Sooner could we have spared
Many another;
England's true love he shared;
God help his Mother!

Widowed and childless, an exile, alone,
Comfort her heart till she meets with her own.

SOMERVILLE GIENEY.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

NOTICE.

An accident to the block compels us at the last moment to hold over until next week our double-page portrait of Mr. Charles Warner as Coupeau, in the popular drama *Drink*, now playing at the Princess's Theatre.

Mlle. SAMARY.

Mlle. SAMARY is the youngest *sociétaire* of the Comédie Française, and broken hearts innumerable attest the fact that she is very far indeed from being the least charming. On the first night of the visit of the Comédie Française to London this piquant and fascinating *soubrette* appeared as Cathos, in Molière's extremely amusing comedy, *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, and delighted those who have been more and more pleased each time they have seen her. Even the *Spectator*—a very dull journal—taking the cue from the other papers, wrote a most enthusiastic notice of Mlle. Samary as Dorine in *Tartuffe*, the only weak point about the eulogy being that Mlle. Samary never appeared on the occasion in question, Mlle. Dinah-Felix, a lady some twenty years her senior, and a sister of the great Rachel, having taken the character which the *Spectator* believed—and that with a grand display of intimacy with the subject—was filled by Mlle. Samary. One of the most lively and agreeable performances yet given was the representation of De Marivaux's old comedy, *Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard*, and in this Mlle. Samary played with consummate spirit and humour as Lisette, the maid who assumes her mistress's place to meet the valet Pasquin, who has in turn assumed the place of his master. It is not too much to say that Mlle. Samary's performance was on the occasion a worthy match for M. Coquelin's, and no higher praise could possibly be given.

"A PRETTY PERFUMER"—MLLE. THÉO VENDING PERUMERY.

The sufferers by the great inundations at Szegedin owe a lasting debt of gratitude to this charming actress, who contributed so largely to their relief by her exertions at the bazaar recently held in Paris, and we submit the accompanying portrait to our readers in addition to the page of drawings of the bazaar which appeared in our last.

DEMOLITION OF THE THÉÂTRE-ITALIEN, PARIS.

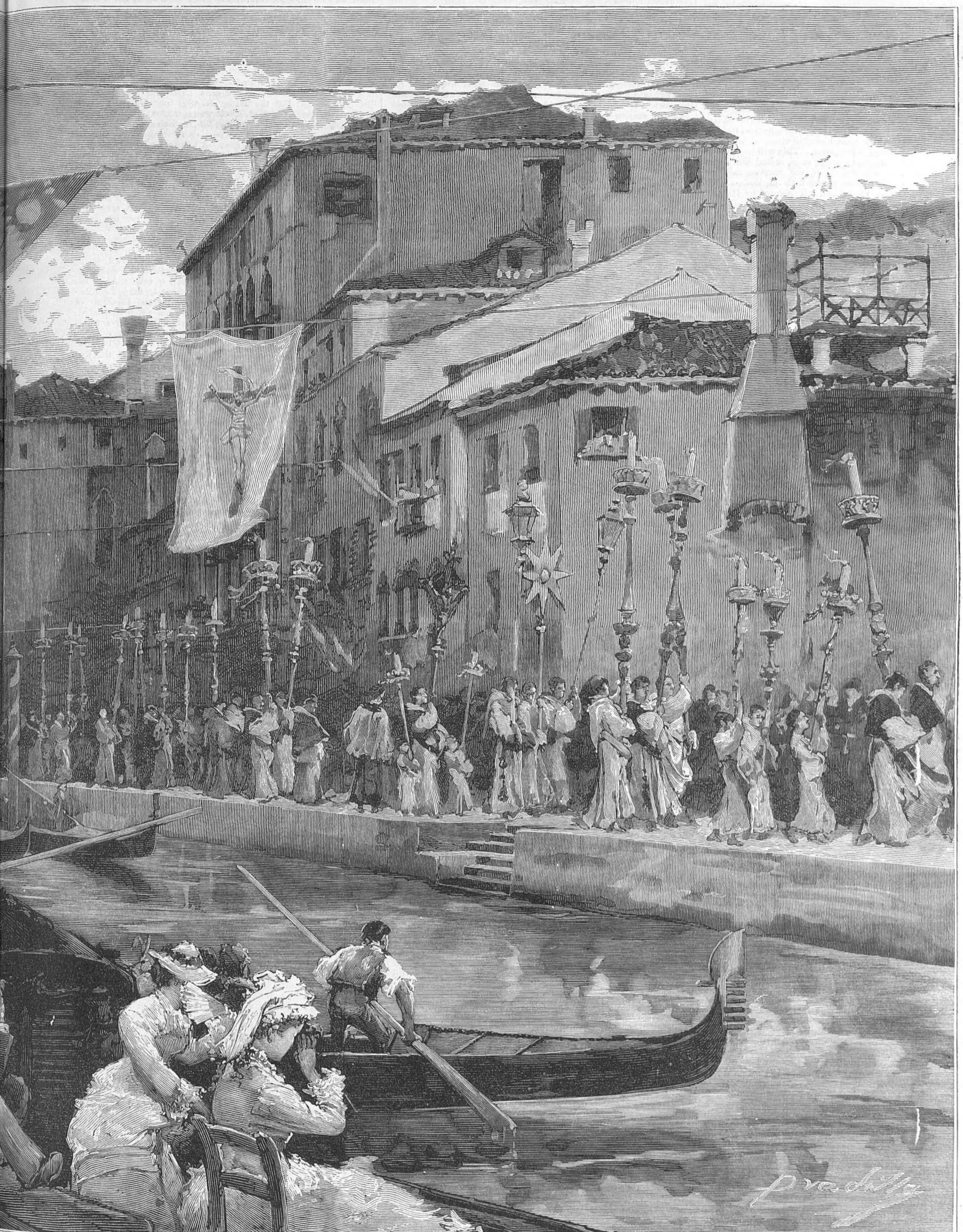
The theatre of the Place Ventadour, where Romeo and Juliet have so often moved Parisian playgoers with their grief—where Malibran and Patti held them enthralled for so many happy hours by the charm of their voices—where all the great masters of song have appeared—and where so many foreign artists were heartily welcomed by the Parisian public—exists no longer. A financial company has been established on its ruins. As a *souvenir*, we show the sombre aspect of this great theatre, at the moment when the pickaxe of the despoiler seems to be accomplishing almost a sacrilegious act.

THE Marquis of Hertford has just issued a reply to the tenants on his Ragley Estate, Warwickshire, who recently applied for permission to kill hares and rabbits on the farms "in any way they thought proper." His lordship says that looking to his tenants' interest as well as his own, he must decline to allow shooting except on special occasions, but if they will assist him in preserving the feathered game, he will do his best to kill hares as well as rabbits. The tenants already possess the right of destroying rabbits with ferrets and nets, and to that privilege he will add that of destroying hares in any way except shooting, or with dogs, after a fortnight's notice has been given that damage is being done to the crops. His lordship adds that as he cannot see the justice of calling upon occupiers of land in the neighbourhood of towns, like Stratford-on-Avon and Alester, to pay for sanitary improvements from which they derive no benefit, he will take those rates on himself.

SEVERAL thousands of people assembled on Wednesday evening on the Liverpool-road to witness the race for the championship of the Warrington Bicycle Club. Twenty-two started, the course being from Prescot to Sankey Bridges, 3½ miles, which was done in 12min. 13secs. T. Atherton, 1; Compton, 2; Lade, 3.



VENICE. A PROCESSION BY THE SIDE



OF THE "CANAREGGIO."—SKETCH BY PRADILLA.

TURFIANA.

SALES and rumours of sales among breeders of blood stock are still the order of the day, and these not of yearlings only, but of stallions, brood mares, and foals. In fact we should not be surprised to hear of more than one apparently "going concern" being sold up before the end of the year, and of a regular panic setting in among those who have hitherto been accounted "prosperous gentlemen" as purveyors of *matriel* for the turf. Messrs. Marshall and Gee are about to make a clean sweep of their equine belongings at Newmarket next week, for the former only retains Mersey and Trent of the many rivers tracing their sources to his stud at Grimsby, and the latter severs his connection with racing and breeding alike, at any rate for a time. He has had provoking luck with his magnificent collection of brood mares this year, only two or three having foals at foot, and these mostly got by unfashionable sires, while nearly all have visited Julius Caesar this spring. This will hardly add to their value from a commercial point of view, seeing that brood mares are likely soon to be a drug upon the market, and that buyers can pick and choose those mated with high-class stallions. Mr. Chaplin sends up a draft, all covered by Hermit, from Blankney, and there are three or four more batches in the Newmarket list of matrons destined to seek fresh pastures and new homes. Mr. Blenkiron has taken for himself the Saturday preceding the July week, which was the second sale day at Middle Park in old times, and Major Stapylton sends his string of yearlings and horses in training up to Albert Gate on the following Monday. During the week commencing on that day Messrs. Tattersall announce no less than 170 lots of all kinds for sale, and it is to be feared that prices will rule exceedingly moderate in cases where promise of the highest excellence has not been attained, while weeds and spindlings will not be looked at, but might as well be consigned at once to the kennel copper in order to save further trouble and expense.

More unpropitious weather than that of Saturday last can hardly be imagined, and it was not without its effect upon the attendance at the Royal Paddocks, which presented anything but an "animated scene," and we have scarcely ever witnessed a duller afternoon's proceedings. The first lot was better than the half-dozen which succeeded it, and John Day probably took home a useful bargain in the Orchestra colt. Neither the Costa colt nor the Favonius filly found many admirers, and of the quartette of Winslows, Mr. Redfern bought the most promising, a filly from Miss Byng, for 150 guineas, which sum would have more than purchased the Alexandra, Muta, and Merino yearlings. In fact, the catalogue was sadly devoid of names of dams of winners, and, moreover, comprised as many as eight first foals, or about one-third of the whole collection. Things brightened up temporarily when Mr. Rymill bid up to 120 guineas for the Doncaster-Bradamaire filly, but another relapse followed, and a Prince Charlie filly, a couple by Pell Mell, and another by Winslow could only make an average of 70 guineas to outsiders, and it was solely by dint of "suasion" that Dover could be induced to bid a century for the Opaline colt, rather a narrow one to follow; and we thought Mr. Redfern got a really cheap bargain in the Gunga Jee filly for 110 guineas, while he would not be shaken off the Adventurer filly, notwithstanding that she was light in front and in-toed. The six hundred guineas forthcoming for her was topped by sixty at the fall of the hammer for the next lot, a Cremorne colt from Lady Evelyn, and we fancy Lord Rosebery would have "gone on" for the possession of as neat a colt as ever stepped into a sale ring, though he may never be one of the big sort. Her faulty forelegs stopped the Macaroni filly from getting far beyond 200 guineas, and the same imperfection, or a modified scale, was also visible in the Hermit filly, who is out of a Macaroni mare, and we doubt if she was much of a bargain to Mr. Smith Barry. The Julius colt just topped a century, and Mr. Long took the Lord Gough colt, bred by him in Ireland, for old acquaintance sake, while John Day cut in for the Boot and Saddle filly, and John Nightingall took home the very "last fruit off an old tree" in the Heroine of Lucknow filly. We thought the Cremorne-Furiosa filly very smart and sweet, though undersized, like the three next lots, and ultimately the curtain fell upon a total of 3,625 guineas, with which Colonel Maude should be content, looking at prices realised elsewhere. If the Royal Yearlings sold badly, the late General Peel's sold even worse; but among the brood mares Quiver reached a fair figure, falling to the lot of Colonel Maude, while Land's End failed to reach her 300 guinea reserve, and Perrin secured Gwendoline for Baron A. de Rothschild. Lydia, who looked like a Cleveland bay mare, joins Count Mokronowski's team, and the namesake of his late owner, General Peel, could command no advance upon Mr. Trench's modest bid of a "pony," and it was bad luck for the Two Thousand Guineas winner that he survived the "shooting days" of his former eccentric master, who would most assuredly not have suffered him to hobble into a sale ring after so many years of active and useful service in the stable and at the stud.

But if the average of 148 guineas realized by the Royal Yearlings was an indifferent one, what shall be said of that which was obtained at Albert Gate for the Newbridge Hill stud youngsters, which did not even reach the "century" standard? There were some small and weedy ones among them, it is true, but they were sent up in capital condition, and most of them with well-sounding pedigrees. Perhaps the Boiard colt was the pick of the basket, though more than one good judge gave the palm to the Blue Gown-Sea Bridge colt, and there were others for whom the black Carnival colt and the bay Asteroid colt from Lullaby had substantial charms. Still, prices ruled miserably low, considering the real merits of the collection, and no doubt many bargains were made on the quiet by those whose names appear in the sale list. Mr. Christopher, we fancy, got a useful Joskin though he may not ripen into a second Plebeian, and Henry Woolcott also bought judgmatically, while we shall not be surprised to find several of the other lots "bracketed" in the index of the Calendar next season.

THE BEENHAM YEARLINGS.

Mr. Waring has this year adopted the novel expedient of placing his youngsters according to the alphabetical order of their dams, a system to which we believe he intends adhering for the future, and it at least has the merit of impartiality, and precludes the necessity of appearing to dictate to the public which are to be considered the most eligible lots. Therefore buyers will have to pick and choose for themselves, and need not trouble their heads about the "order of going," which, in the case of the Beenham yearlings, is purely fortuitous and accidental. First comes the daughter of Boiard and Acropolis, a lengthy, well-grown filly, with a plainish head and neck, like her sire, but strongly knit and with bigger bone than anything in the team, barring her relative, the Lady Chesterfield colt, of which more anon. Bangle's Doncaster colt is decidedly the biggest and best ever thrown by the daughter of Surplice, and it will be noticed that he is bred something after the manner of Prince Charlie, and though a late May foal, he has made up his leeway wonderfully of late. Favonius got a good many blacks and browns in his day, and his Carnage filly in Mr. Waring's collection resembles Sir Bevys in colour, but has more scope and power, and is one of the sturdy, handy sort, likely to thrive on

hard work, while she has plenty of "timber" of the right sort to work upon. Broomielaw has not failed to put his mark upon the Xmas Box filly, but she is far bigger than most of his get, and a fine, raking specimen, a capital doer, and one of the wear-and-tear sort, unless we greatly mistake, while her dam is a young and untried Cambuscan mare, with a double cross of Slane. Then follow two youngsters by King of the Forest, a low, level, muscular filly from old Crucifixion, well put together; and a bay colt out of Fright (own sister to Vulcan), more lightly built, but showing fine quality, and altogether a great improvement upon the first foal of his dam, sold at Newmarket last year. Sister to Rosy Cross is a grand specimen of her sire's get, and altogether thicker and bigger than her good but somewhat unfortunate sister, and showing excellent racing symmetry from her head to her heels. She will not require much "suasion" on Mr. Tattersall's part to set her going like wildfire; nor do we think that Lady Chesterfield's young Boiard will go begging for bids long, as he can hardly fail to please, being a marvel of bone and substance, and possessing in addition the attraction of novelty in the matter of blood. La Roseraie's Knight of the Garter filly is a first foal, one of the fairly useful sort, and like most of her sire's stock, almost certain to win some races, but she is rather unfortunately "sandwiched" between the sturdy Boiard colt, and another of the same sex by Adventurer out of Moss Rose, perhaps one of the grandest yearlings of the season, and needing no further description in detail, for he is full of good points, and fairly entitled to rank as a yearling of the first class. By comparison with the big chestnut, Our Mary Anne's Doncaster filly looks undersized, but she is well moulded and one of the quick and early sort, with an especially good set of legs and feet to carry her through a lengthy career on the turf. The Penelope Plotwell filly is a thickset, massive animal, with a model back and loins, and great power throughout; but she hardly shows the same length and liberty as the Salvano filly from Queen of Diamonds, quite one of the gems of the collection, and only needing more fashion in respect of sireship to make her eagerly sought after. Rosicrucian seems to have succeeded nearly as well with Queen of the Gipsies as with Inquisition, and the former filly is altogether the largest we have seen by the Sandgate sire, and full of the best running blood, while her dam has never had one of her stock in training yet. A Leolinus filly from Symmetrical and a King of the Forest colt out of Tisiphone, lead up to the last lot, a very charming daughter of Woodbine, also by the King, and it is probable that this filly will be sold for her racing career only, Mr. Waring being naturally anxious to retain some of the old blood about the place.

THE FINSTALL PARK YEARLINGS.

We are glad to find the improvement so markedly visible in Mr. Everitt's team of late years amply maintained in his lot of fourteen to be disposed of on the morning of Wednesday in the July week. The first three on the list (which one may note in passing is distinguished by the much-abused "letter H," indicating the eighth year of Mr. Everitt's career as a breeder) are big, well-grown fillies, the produce of Paul Jones, and of his son, Pirate King, and it will be seen that in each instance the cross of Birdcatcher has been sought out for alliance with that of Buccaneer. The results will speak for themselves, but Lot 4, a bay filly by Cardinal York of that dam of many winners, Laura, by Lambton, though rather a late foal, is certain to please, being every morsel use and quality, a wiry, corky, blood-like *demoiselle*, with a capital back and loins, and good limbs, while her every movement is quickness and smartness. Hatterack, too, by Pirate King from Christmas Fare, looks like paying his way early in life, while Hotspur by the Cardinal out of Paul's Cray's dam is a late foal, and consequently only just making headway, but is well put together, and altogether more handy and sharp than Haflide, by Paul Jones out of Savoir Vivre, a colt boasting two strains of the Ion blood, now in such strong request. Horse Guard, by the same sire, from Ethel Blair, will at once take the eye of a judge as desirable in every point, with well laid shoulders, short back, good bone, and racing style throughout; in fact he is the best Paul Jones yearling that we have yet come across, and again we find the Birdcatcher blood on his dam's side. Highness is backward, but he is "well connected," being an own brother to Deacon and Eminence; and the Pantaloan blood would seem to have nicked with that of Newminster in the case of Havoc, a thickset, bony colt, and with a good middle piece. Heretic, by Cardinal York out of Vicar's Daughter, is the biggest and lengthiest of his sire's stock we have yet seen, and so many good horses are out of Surplice mares that this yearling is certain to attract purchasers, and we hope he may show his pair of white heels to many a scattered field. Hippogriff, another young Cardinal, if he has not the same length, shows bigger bone and more substance throughout, being exceedingly thick and powerful, but fashioned after the style of his dam, Hirondelle, by Macaroni, from a Flying Dutchman mare, and he shows his descent from the latter most unmistakably about the head, as well as in colour. Hurricane is a fine-looking, active colt by Typhoeus from Patronage (a wonderfully bred Prime Minister mare); and last comes Hamadryad, an own sister to Corydalus, and one of the sweetest fillies ever seen, on short legs, a grand mare to follow, and quite in the first class. A vast improvement is noticeable in the *feet* of the Fininstall team, hitherto rather a weak point in the annual collection; and Hermon, so many years in the service of the late Mr. Merry, has wrought marked changes for the better since his accession to office, and the whole establishment of stallions, mares, and foals, as well as yearlings, may now be pronounced in the best possible working order.

THE BONEHILL YEARLINGS.

The contingent under P. Scott's charge, and bred by Lady Emily Peel, number eleven, but as own brother to Matador is not likely to show at his best before the autumn, and may possibly be held in reserve until Doncaster, we may therefore pass him by, and premising that eight out of the remaining ten are by Pero Gomez (whose sireship may be presumed in all cases "unless otherwise specified"), we were first introduced to a bay filly out of Herald's dam, and therefore own sister to Harbinger, whom she much resembles, though on rather a larger scale, and she will be sought by purchasers on the look-out for "running blood." A twin sister to Conquistador is the image of Pero, with good bone throughout, wide across the hips, but with plenty of fashion about her, and she walked every inch a racehorse, bringing her hind legs well under her, and looking all over as if she meant business. On a smaller scale, but remarkably neat and well put together, and built on the lines of her dam, is the Hollandaise filly; and if anything in the spring shows promise of coming early to hand this is the one, and her dam will be remembered as having picked up her crumbs early in life. Of quite a different class and type is Monaca's filly by Favonius, very lathy and unfurnished as yet, slightly deficient in girth (like many of the Beadsman family), but long as a street, and with a great deal to remind us of the Weatherbit family "upstairs," and if anyone in the team requires time and patience it is this scion of the late lamented Derby winner. Pero Gomez seems to get all his stock whole coloured bays and browns, with never a chestnut among them, and with but few white markings about them, and in Brother to Blackmoor we find one of the above description,

well put together, with capital girth, and showing a deal of the Blacklock character about his head, which is of the true Barnton type, his dam being one of the last produce of that famous horse. Young Lady's Cathedral filly is a first foal, and inheriting as she does two strains of Melbourne blood, it is not surprising that she exhibits the family characteristics of length and bone, and it may be noted that she is also inbred to Touchstone, and that through Newminster and Orlando, two of his most distinguished and successful sons. The pick of the young ladies will, however, we think, be found in the Hilarity filly, likewise a first foal, and a brown with white heel and snip, who may fairly be described as well made all over, good both to follow and to meet, and improving upon longer acquaintance. The Charade filly quite pales before this "bright particular star" of the Bonehill coterie; but the latter is well matched by a black brother to Merry Thought, a colt we must also class A1, for he is a handsome edition of Pero, and fills the eye at once as a first-class yearling, though not, perhaps, on so commanding a scale as his relation out of Hilarity. A bonny colt, too, is the bay from Vainglorious, albeit a May foal, and he seems to have made the very best use of his time, for but few of his fellows surpass him in ripeness and precocity.

Among other breeders who sell on Thursday next at Newmarket are Lords Exeter and Rosslyn and Mr. Green Price, the latter of whom holds a yearling sale for the first time in a regular way, and he may be reckoned among the few interested in the production of thoroughbred stock whom "Welsh Wales" can claim as her own. Siderolite, Kingcraft, Cucumber, Cathedral, and Broomielaw have been requisitioned to furnish *plats* for his *menu* card, which reminds us more of a luncheon ticket at Marden Deer Park or Cobham than a correct list of yearlings. However, intending purchasers will do well to take stock of the various dishes; while every allowance must be made for a beginner, who cannot be held responsible for the breeding of animals still in embryo or at foot of their dams when purchased.

The Burleigh lot are all by Onslow, one of the very few Cambuscan sires at the public service, who will be remembered as a doughty rival to Cremorne in his two-year-old days. The horse is so good-looking, and his blood is so valuable, that the five are certain to attract attention, and already one of last year's lot is a winner.

Lord Rosslyn also furnishes a contingent of five, and we may remark in passing that all his lordship's brood mares, thirteen in number, and covered by Toxophilite, Hampton, Kingcraft, Macaroni, Blair Athol, Dutch Skater, Doncaster, and other fashionable sires are in the private sale list. The yearlings, felicitously named as usual, comprise Battlement, a slashing colt by Citadel out of Ambuscade's dam, rather lacking in condition on account of precocious growth, and four fillies, of which Prince's Mixture by Kingcraft out of Latakia is a very charming young lady, combining power with fine quality; and Valencie, by Citadel out of Murcia (dam of winners), built on rather a light scale, but looking like galloping fast. Andromeda is an "early to hand" filly by Cecrops out of Cassiope; and Nell Gwynne is about the very last of St. Albans' get, as good looking as well bred, quite a queen among them all, and certain to provoke eager competition.

The racing at Newcastle on Tuesday was very little removed from plating form, but the fields were good if the weather was bad, and the black population turned out in its usual force. Speculation on the Plate, though it did not take a very wide range, was nevertheless marked by some interesting features, Lartington holding his own notwithstanding the fondness evinced for Roehampton, and the support quietly but consistently accorded to Clearhead, who was the tip of the "man in the street," and it was thought would be well served by the state of the ground, while the sticky going was held to be adverse to the chance of Glendale. In the first two races outsiders had it all to themselves, Schiller winning the Trial Stakes, and Winnie the Welter Handicap; while Grammerci got bowled over by Captain Blue in the Ravensworth Selling Plate. The luck of backers took a transitory turn when the Bouquet colt got his head in front for the Monkchester Plate; but again there was a relapse when Patrol and Leven had their winning numbers hoisted for the Tyne and Gosforth Selling Plates respectively, and Reveller snuffed out Coromandel II. in the North Derby, the latter being second only upon the disqualification of Brown George. On Wednesday fortune favoured backers more persistently, both Triumvir and Schnatterling II. pulling them through for the Gibside Maiden Sweepstakes and Corporation Handicap, and then nine numbers went up the telegraph-slide for the "Pitman's Derby." Roehampton finally deposed Lartington from the headship of quotations, and he must have been near hitting the mark had it not been for Glendale striking into him just when he looked most dangerous. But Lord Durham's colt could never get quite on terms with the light-weighted "ancient," and Clearhead won by a head, after a severe and interesting race. The winner is probably by Martyrdom, and not Knight of the Garter, and thus the defeat of Lartington was in some degree atoned for, at least, from a breeding point of view. In the Tyro Stakes Monolith did Landmark a good turn, and both Maximus and Wandering Willie were public fancies for the two last races on the programme.

Turning southwards, we find the ancient glories of the "Bibury Day" in some degree experiencing a revival, capital field coming to the post throughout the afternoon, and backers drew first blood with Skillygolee in the Maiden Plate, Troy and Cecil being the attendants home of the Danebury colt. Chios was another spotted by the talent in the Scurvy Welter, and again did Cannon pull his followers through; but his mount in the Champagne Stakes was not backed for a shilling, Archer getting a turn with Vann der Tann, a useful sort of colt, and again had the hapless Early Morn to put up with a place, Robert Macaire occupying the other situation. The amateur element was, as usual, strongly represented in the Bibury Stakes, only Goater and Cannon carrying the extra weight as professionals, and the former landed Lipscombe very cleverly, and he subsequently again sported Mr. Savile's colours successfully in the Biennial on the Mabille colt, though odds were laid on Orchestra, and it is clear the Young Lecturer's form must be pretty smart. That old sinner, Middle Temple, upset the odds on Rolly in a 100 Sovs Plate. Warrior once more took it into his head to try, squandering his field for a T.Y.C. Handicap; and Lord Athol scored a notch for Ethus in the Bibury Club Hunters' Plate, though he travelled rather queerly in the betting at last.

Two-year-old races make up, as usual, the staple of Newmarket July programme, and we shall probably be introduced to some fresh candidates for Derby honours of 1880 during the week. The Princess of Wales's Cup is a new race, last half-mile of T.Y.C., which may sail the compass of *Valentino*; and in the July Stakes we may see *Evasion* successful, the best of her public opponents being Spitzberg, Tulach Ard, and Siluria filly, not a very gaudy lot, but Lord Falmouth, and Messrs. Crawfurd and Savile are all reputed to have flyers engaged. On Wednesday, *Hackthorpe* should win the July Cup, *Discord* the Midsummer Stakes, and *Dourance* the Exeter Stakes; while our vote must be for *Mugdalene* in the Fourth Two-Year-Old Sale Stakes, the daughter of Syrian being exceptionally smart. On Thursday, *Prudhomme*, or in absence *Attainder* might be best worth following in the Maiden Stakes, *Out of Bounds* in the Bunbury Stakes, and *Leghorn* or *Exmouth* in the Summer

Cup; while we shall expect to see one of Lord Falmouth's served up hot for the Chesterfield Stakes, though it will have to be a fast one to show his heels over this distance to Khabara, The Song, Chanoine, and Co., and probably the result will be discounted by the July Stakes, which has often foreshadowed the winner of the shorter cut. Friday's is a skeleton programme as yet, but one of Lord Falmouth's might be worth standing for the Stetchworth Stakes, and we shall elect to be represented by *Phoenix* and *Merrythought* in the matches, in case they should be brought to a head.

Betting on the St. Leger is not very brisk as yet, and is hardly likely to take wider scope unless something should occur to oust Wheel of Fortune from her pride of place. Then, we take it, the rush would be an ugly one, and we might be treated to a good betting race, Sir Bevys not being exactly the sort of horse to go mad about for the Doncaster event, honest stayer though he be. Still, hard ground and a flat course are vastly different to the state of things which befriended the Derby winner at Epsom, and we are not sure the whole performance there may not have been a fluke.

SKYLARK.

ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &c.

In memoriam: Louis Napoleon, born March 16, 1856, killed June 1, 1879. Many of my readers may be anxious to know why I should notice the lamentable death of the ex-Prince Imperial under this heading. The reasons are these: He was a prominent supporter of athletics at Woolwich and elsewhere, was a bit of an athlete, and prominently identified himself with the sport some years back by presenting a challenge cup to be competed for at the Beckenham Cricket Club Sports.

W. G. Grace's magnanimous handing over of the proceeds of his complimentary match, to take place shortly, to Shaw, because he had such a bad time of it at Whitsuntide, is to have a sequel. The big cricketer is to be presented with a national testimonial.

Cyprus continues to occasionally provide sporting intelligence for English readers. On June 6 a cricket match took place between an eleven of H.M.S. Torch and the Town of Lanarea against the officers of the 20th Regt. and Town of Limassol. The former won with 84 and 74 against 61 and 49, Mr. Steart for the victors, with 38 and 24, being the only batsmen who did anything out of the common, whilst he also took eight wickets.

Minus the services of the brothers Steele, who, owing to a recent bereavement, were unable to play, Cambridge University gave Surrey a rare thrashing at the Oval on Thursday and Friday last, beating them by ten wickets. In their first innings, Cambridge secured 225 runs, of which the Hon. Ivo Bligh contributed 113, and H. Wood 31, which as their opponents only ran together 120 and 107, left them but three to get in their second essay.

Oxford University, on the same days, at Lord's, beat Middlesex by six wickets. The County commenced with 158, to which the University replied with 113 only, but Middlesex having added in their second innings 835, the Dark Blues, thanks to 61 from A. H. Heath, 38 from A. D. Green, and 38, not out, from J. H. M. Hare, made the requisite 182 for the loss of four wickets. G. F. Vernon, 54 and 26, was top scorer for the losers.

The Taunton Athletic Sports will be held at Taunton on Thursday, September 18th, 1879.

So many athletic meetings were held on Saturday last that whilst thanking the committees of the Ealing C.C., Lyonsdown C.C., and Podokis A.C. for special invitations, I regret I can but give them very brief notices.

Good sport was shown by the Podokis A.C. on the new Balham Athletic Grounds. E. Tinnamns, C. Barnes, jun., and W. Sharples were the lucky ones in the Club Race, whilst in the Strangers' events, for which very large, and, in many instances, very doubtful entries, had been received, J. Goodliffe, of Huntingdon, 8 yards start, won the 120 Yards Handicap; H. O. E. Baker, Druids B.C., 170 yards, the Bicycle Handicap; G. Willis, Army and Navy Co-operative Stores, 38 yards, the Mile; and W. Green, jun., Buffaloes F.C., 110 secs., the Two Miles Walking.

At the Pollockshaws' Annual Meeting, near Glasgow, on Saturday, J. Hunter, Endingbro', 30 yards, won the Half Mile; W. Ward, 40 yards, the Mile; and R. Hindle the Quarter of a Mile Hurdle-race.

Ealing C.C. Sports, held on the club grounds, were also a success, no fewer than eleven events being on the programme. In the open competitions several well-known athletes took part, T. R. Sachs, London A.C., 125 yards start, winning the One Mile Handicap; T. Secretan, Druids B.C., the Two Miles Bicycle Handicap, from scratch; F. Sargent, Langley F.C., 10 yards, the 120 Yards Handicap; and R. S. Oliver, L.A.C., 38 yards, the Quarter. The club events were won respectively by Croft, Sharpe, Salmon, and Nelson.

Very few meetings are carried out in a more satisfactory manner than the Lyonsdown. The open handicaps were a quarter, secured by S. Hirst, Blackheath Harriers, and a one mile, which fell to G. C. Hall, late of the City of London School, who with 105 yards won easily, despite the fact that H. Coulson, of the Iseldon Harriers, was only giving him ten yards. In the members' events the successful competitors were L. Waterhouse, F. J. Sparks, B. A. Lewis, and E. L. Mansbridge, Sparks being the only dual victor.

Some excellent sport was shown at the Bristol Ariel sports. G. T. Dunning, S.L.H., won the Quarter, with 3 yards; E. A. Strachan, the Pole Jump; C. Crispin, Clifton, Albion Harriers, 7 yards, the Hundred; O. Hall, who I suppose, I must call a third of an amateur champion, the High Jump at 5ft. 8in.; E. Parsley, 14 yards, the 150 Yards Handicap; J. Preston, of Birmingham, the Horizontal Bar Exercise; E. Haines, of Farningdon, the 220 Yards Hurdles; W. F. G. Webber, Chepstow R.C., 90 yards, the One Mile Handicap; E. Parsley, 25 yards, the Quarter; J. Young the Three Miles Bicycle; and H. G. New, Bournemouth B.C., 100 yards, the Three Miles Running Handicaps.

It is a pity that "Blower" Brown broke down last week at the Agricultural Hall, as a marvellous performance might have been the result of the "mix"; even as it was Weston managed to beat all past record by covering 550 miles, so he fairly earned the belt.

Grierson and Gallon's One Mile Sculling Race, on Saturday, which had provoked much interest amongst Tynesiders, was not very satisfactory, owing to a series of fouls. However, the non-offender Gallon doubly won the match, as he came in first, on his merits, by three lengths.

Newstead, Lygo, Shrub, Roberts (stroke), Moore (cox), won the London Press' second four-oared race of the present season, on Saturday by four lengths, beating two other crews.

Despite the miserable weather, a very numerous company journeyed as far as Stamford Bridge, on Saturday, to witness the London Bicycle Club annual race meeting. M. D. Rucker jun., 60 yards, won the members' One Mile Handicap by six inches, from A. Herbert, 140 yards, in 2min. 59secs., and also secured the Ladies' Challenge Vase for the level two miles, which he covered in 6min. 29 3-5secs., finishing a dozen yards in front of W. Wyndham; but the latter just reversed positions in

the Ten Miles District Challenge Cup race, which he won by nearly half a mile. A fine entry had been obtained for the Open Two Miles Handicap, H. L. Cortis winning from scratch by fifteen yards from F. T. East, Surrey B.C., to whom he was conceding 40 yards, in 6min 10 1-5secs, a really grand performance considering the state of course and weather.

Our Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers held their annual races on Saturday from Grosvenor Bridge to the Rainbow. Although the weather, when a start was made from Waterloo Pier at 3.15, was as unfavourable as it possibly could be, there was a full muster; more than one "lass who loves a sailor" (I suppose we must call them sailors) was conspicuous by her presence. A very good arrangement had caused the preliminary heats of the gigs to be decided on the previous Thursday, and the final resulted in a victory for No. 2 Battery, Hewitt, Shoobred, Heron, C., J. D., and F. W. Jacks forming the crew; whilst the double-banked cutter race between the picked men of No. 3 and No. 2 Batteries fell to the former by eighty yards, the names of those composing the winning crew being, starboard, A. Beer, B. H. Boura, H. Pilley, H. Graham, Relph: port, E. A. Beer, C. Hewitt, G. H. Kelson, R. W. Kelso, O. W. H. Stretwell. Passthe was cox.

T. Brown, J. Milligan, E. Yates, J. Langridge stroke, C. Tolley, cox, won the annual fours of the Eton Excelsior Rowing Club.

Unfortunately I could not accept the invitation of the Royal Canoe Club to attend their thirteenth annual regatta at Teddington Reach. The chief race had to be postponed, as the wind rendered the sailing dangerous. O. Mackenzie won the firstand second half-mile races, F. W. L. Farrar the one mile race half with and half against stream; W. Klein, the mile all with the current; A. Tredwen, in the Lurline, the one mile sailing race, and the land and water race. W. G. Klein, stroke, W. D. Baden Powell, A. Jonas, and W. E. Graham, representing the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers, beat the Canoe Club in the fours by three lengths and a half, whilst the scratch fours fell to a crew stroked by Herbert.

It was rather a pity the Gentlemen of Essex *versus* Colchester Garrison match at Brentwood, on Monday and Tuesday, had to be drawn. The Soldiers got their opponents out for 26 in the first innings, and following on, made 85. Thanks to a fine piece of batting by Sir M. Wood, who contributed 107, supplemented by 41 from Mr. C. H. Escott, 39 from Mr. A. Williams, and 28 not out, from Mr. J. A. C. Tabor, the Gentlemen then made a grand total of 273, and had lowered six of their opponents' wickets for 77 runs, when "time" put an end to the match.

Lancashire were too good for Derbyshire on the latter's ground, on Monday and Tuesday, making 154 and 50 against 102 and 102, winning with four wickets to spare. The second innings of the visitors was very exciting, as time was rapidly gaining on them, and wickets had gone at a sharp pace. Barlow's 50 for the victors, and Platt's 48 for the losers were the best contributions.

Eton v. Winchester, and Surrey v. Middlesex, the former at Eton, and the latter at the Oval, will be progressing at the time these notes are in the hands of my readers.

Henley Royal Regatta takes place too late for notice this week.

A Two Miles Bicycle Handicap on the American principle is taking place at Lillie Bridge. H. L. Cortes, scratch; F. T. East, 70yds start; H. Osborne, 85; M. D. Rucker, 125; W. Wyndham, 140; and T. Kyle, 165; all well-known men, are the performers.

If the present weather continues Oxford might upset Cambridge in the annual cricket match at Lord's, despite the fact that five to one has been laid on the Light Blues.

By a rare stroke of luck backers of Cambridge not to be beaten in any of their trial matches, just got out of their trouble through rain causing the M.C.C. match at Lords, on Monday, Tuesday, and to-day (Wednesday) to be abandoned, as the Light Blues only made 72 in their first innings, and had lost one wicket for 47 in the second. Thanks to a fine piece of batting by Mr. F. Penn, who put together 134 before he stepped out to one of Wood's, and was stumped, the M.C.C. in their single essay had made 241. No play took place after luncheon time on Tuesday.

The Otter Swimming Club held their sixth race meeting of the season on Tuesday evening, at the Marylebone Baths, when the contests proved of more than ordinary interest. The fixture was a Four Lengths (97 yards) Hurdle Handicap, which resulted thus:—Heat 1, R. S. Creaton, 5sec, +; C. Abbott, +sec, +; C. West 23sec, 0. Creaton caught Abbott in the third length but could not leave him, the pair gradually overhauled West, and eventually finished a dead-heat half a yard in front of him. Time, 1min 25sec. Heat 2, C. Newman, 1sec, 1; H. P. Gardner, 6sec, 0. Won by a yard. Time, 1min 33sec. Heat 3, A. P. Stokes, 5sec, 1; C. E. Macrae, 15sec, 2; S. Willis, 9sec, 3; T. Heath, 9sec, 0. Stokes came up in the last length and landed by a yard, two between second and third. Time, 1min 22sec. Heat 4, G. H. Rope, 10sec, 1; H. Cheesewright, 11sec, 2; F. M. Williams, 20sec, 0. A rather easy win. Time, 1min 30sec. Heat 5, A. H. Burton, 6sec, 1; W. J. Don. Bavand, 10sec, 2. Won by a yard. Time, 1min 30sec. Round 2.—Heat 1, A. P. Stokes, 5sec, 1; A. H. Burton, 6sec, 2; C. Abbott, +sec, 0. A splendid race, Stokes just gaining by half a yard. Time, 1min 21sec. Heat 2, G. H. Rope, 10sec, 1; C. Newman, 12sec, 2; R. S. Creaton, 6sec, 0. Good as the previous heats had been this one fairly eclipsed them all, as less than half a yard separated the trio at the finish. Newman led by about a yard at the last turn, but they were all of a heap at the last hurdle, Rope came over well and just landed by a touch, Newman defeating Creaton also by a touch. Time, 1min 30sec. Final Heat, Stokes, 1; Rope, 0. Stokes drew level halfway down the third length; Rope took his hurdles in good form and required a deal of shaking off. Stokes eventually won a fine race by two yards. Time, 1min 23sec. Mr. H. J. Green framed the handicap, and Mr. F. Sachs was judge.

EXON.

A very handsome concert hall—certainly one of the finest in the county of Sussex, if it does not come absolutely first—will be opened in Warrior-square, St. Leonards-on-Sea, next October. Messrs. Richard A. Hill and W. L. Vernon are the joint architects of this convenient and well-proportioned building. The want of such a hall has long been felt in this popular watering-place, and, if managed as there is every reason to suppose it will be, there can be no doubt that it will prove a boon to the town.

Mr. H. M. Pitt, son of the late Charles Pitt, has accepted an engagement for a lengthened period with Messrs. James and Thorne, of the Vaudeville.

An enormous whale, weighing upwards of 12 cwt., captured off the Isle of Wight, was on Tuesday safely brought to Brighton, and placed in the porpoise tank at the Aquarium.

A DECORATIVE silver vase, with a beautifully painted fan, were subscribed for by the company of the Imperial Theatre and presented to Miss Litton as a testimonial of respect and kindly feeling. To this was added a very handsome silver teapot, by Messrs. Alport and E. F. Edgar, Miss Litton making it a practice to drink tea at the theatre, and inviting the principal members of her company to join in sharing the cup that cheers without inebriating, rendered this an appropriate gift.

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

HAMPTON SUMMER MEETING.

TUESDAY, JUNE 19.

THE FLYING STAKES.—Mr. C. Hibbert's Merry Heart (W. Macdonald), 1; Elsham Lad, 2; Vanderbilt, 3. 5 ran.
THE HORST STAKES.—Captain Patrick's Cayuga (Loates), 1; Fairy Form colt, 2; Buint Cake, 3. 7 ran.
THE WEST MOLESEY STAKES.—Mr. Tuckwell's Paramatta (Wyatt), 1; Collingbourne, 2; Siward, 3. 7 ran.
THE SURREY AND MIDDLESEX STAKES.—Mr. F. Pryor's West Wind (C. Wood), 1; Lighthouse, 2; Blue Istim, 3. 5 ran.
THE TRIAL WELTER PLATE.—Mr. W. Barton's Zazel (F. Archer), 1; King of Launde, 2; Wellington, 3. 5 ran.
THE MANOR PLATE.—Mr. C. Bush's Headman (Loates), 1; Paramatta, 2; Lorna Doone, 3. 12 ran.
THE PRINCE OF ORANGE STAKES.—Mr. W. Burton's Policy (F. Archer), 1; Borgia, 2; Ultimus, 3. 8 ran.
THE CLAREMONT STAKES.—Mr. H. Rymill's Emma Melbourne (Lemaire), 1; Alcides, 2; Illuminata, 3. 4 ran.

FRIDAY.

MAIDEN PLATE.—Mr. J. Hanbury's Robin Hood (F. Archer), 1; Haggis, 2; Chorn colt, 3. 6 ran.
THE RAILWAY STAKES.—Mr. Tredwell's Borgia (Lemaire), 1; Batty, 2; King of Launde, 3. 5 ran.
THE CARDINAL WOLSEY STAKES.—Mr. H. Rymill's Collingbourne (Lemaire), 1; Ramsbury, 2; Gourmet, 3. 9 ran.
THE PALACE PLATE.—Mr. J. Nightingall's Actor (Weedon), 1; Maid Servant filly, 2; Merry Fly, 3. 8 ran.
THE KING HAL STAKES.—Mr. Trimmer's Whitebene (Archer), 1; Conqueror, +; Emma Melbourne, +. 5 ran.
THE BUSHEY PARK SELLING HANDICAP.—Mr. C. E. Paget's Chit-Chat (Lemaire), 1; King of Launde, +; Slogan, +. 15 ran.
THE HAMPTON WELTER CUP.—Mr. H. A. Fitzwilliam's The Dean (C. Wood), 1; Ironstone, 2; Collingbourne, 3. 12 ran.

NEWCASTLE MEETING.

TUESDAY.

THE TRIAL STAKES.—Mr. W. Sanderson's Schiller (Collins), 1; Wanderer, 2; Skelmorlie, 3. 7 ran.
THE BLAGDON WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. J. Stenhouse's Winnie (J. E. Jones), 1; Rubicon, 2; Erie, 3. 13 ran.
THE RAVENSWORTH SELLING PLATE.—Mr. R. Longstaff's Captain Blue (Bruckshaw), 1; Grainger, 2; Humber, 3. 8 ran.
THE MONKSCHESTER PLATE.—Mr. J. Osborne's Bouquet colt (Owner), 1; Lightfoot, 2; Bamboha, 3. 3 ran.
THE TYNE SELLING PLATE.—Mr. Cook's Patrol (G. Cook), 1; Schmetterling II, 2; Palmerin, 3. 4 ran.
THE GOSFORTH PLATE.—Mr. W. Stevenson's Leven (Bell), 1; Adamite, 2; Begging Friar, 3. 6 ran.
THE NORTH DERBY.—Mr. R. Jardine's Reveller (T. Chaloner), 1; Coromandel II, 2. 4 ran.

WEDNESDAY.

THE GIRSIDER MAIDEN SWEEPSTAKES.—Marquis Talon's Triumvir (J. Snowden), 1; Schiller, 2; Wild Agrie, 3. 4 ran.
THE CORPORATION HIGH-WEIGHT SELLING HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. E. Barratt's Schmetterling II. (Morgan), 1; Annie Louise, 2; Little Ann, 3. 4 ran.
THE NORTHUMBERLAND PLATE of 500 sovs in money, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 sovs each, 10 ft, and 5 only if declared, &c.; winners extra; the second to receive 50 sovs out of the stakes. Two miles. Sixty subs, 36 of whom declared ft.

Mr. R. Cowan's Clearhead, by Knight of the Garter, or Martyrdom—Revival, 5 yrs, 6st 9lb Luke 1
Lord Durham's Glendale, 6 yrs, 7st 12lb Morgan 2
Mr. C. Perkins' Roachampton, 6 yrs, 8st (car 8st 1lb) Snowden 3
Also ran: Castle eagh, Mais, Slo'gate Maid, Nutbush, Lartington, Brown George.

Betting at Starting.—9 to 4 agst Roachampton, 100 to 20 agst Lartington, 5 to 1 agst Clearehead, 10 to 1 agst Castlerleigh, 12 to 1 agst Glendale, 12 to 1 agst Mays, 16 to 1 agst Skelgate Maid, 20 to 1 agst Brown George.

THE RACE.—After three false starts Clearhead got away with a slight lead, and after an exciting race won by a head; Roachampton being two lengths behind Lord Durham's horse; Skelgate Maid was fourth; Mays fifth; Lartington sixth; Brown George seventh; and Nutbush eighth; Castlerleigh pulling up amongst the crowd a long way behind. Time, 3 min. 51 sec.

TYRO STAKES.—Mr. R. C. Vyner's Monolith (Griffiths), 1; Evening Chimes, 2; Florida filly, 3. 5 ran.

THE GATESHEAD SELLING PLATE.—Mr. Coates's Maximus (Fagan), 1; Molusca, 2; Old Buck, 3. 7 ran.
THE TOWN WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. W. Metcalfe's Wandering Willie (Fagan), 1; Chilianwallah colt, 2; Muscatel, 3. 11 ran.

THURSDAY.

THE NEWCASTLE HANDICAP.—Mr. C. Barratt's Constantine (Bell), 1; Constellation, 2; Umbria, 3. 3 ran.
THE LAMTON PLATE HANDICAP.—Mr. Cordiner's Mollusca (Collins), 1; The Begging Friar, 2; Looking Glass, 3. 9 ran.

SEATON DELAVAL STAKES.—Mr. Stevenson's Tyro filly (W. Platt), 1; Fire King, 2; Dominic, 3. 12 ran.
THE FREEMAN'S PLATE.—Mr. W. R. Marshall's Humber (Morgan, 1; Grimer, 2; Lady Flora filly, 3. 7 ran.

THE GRAND STAND SELLING PLATE.—Mr. Cordiner's Oldbuck (Morgan), 1; Lady Randolph filly, 2; Schmetterling II, 3. 5 ran.
THE STEWARDS' CUP.—Mr. W. Stevenson's Leven (Bell), 1; Glenara, 2; The Rowan, 3. 4 ran.

ODIHAM MEETING.</

A NOVEL OTTER HUNT.

All these directions were complied with, and the fun grew faster than ever in the reeds; Master Charley got on the edge of a deep waterway, and missing his footing in the excitement of the moment, went in head over heels, and making a grab at his sister Emily's dress, would have had her in on the top of him in four feet of water had she not luckily grasped a rail and saved herself. Then the blacksmith, thinking a worry was at hand, loosed his bitch, who immediately flew at the throat of one of the ratcatcher's dogs, and a terrific combat ensued. "Kick them into the waterway, and they will soon part," shouted

some one; and the idea was no sooner promulgated than acted on; but directly the young squire's Nettle saw a tumult in the water, she plunged into the row like an Irishman at Donnybrook Fair, and soon having the bull-terrier fast by the throat, got her under water, and would have drowned her had help not been at hand; while the ratcatcher's dog, worried and crippled, was pulled out with scarce a spark of life in him. Whereupon that worthy at once challenged the son of Vulcan to mortal combat, and proceeded to divest himself of his clothing then and there, to avenge his wrongs. It required all the authority of the squire and the parson to quell the riot, and even they would scarcely have succeeded had not another

chorus come from the reeds; these were interspersed with low bushes and willows, and a rare row and racket there was within them; all the dogs appeared for the time to have laid aside their mutual grievances and concluded to take their wrongs out of the unfortunate animal they were hunting. The excitement was intense; the squire, up to his middle in water, was waiting for a view. Our fair hostess being on the wrong side the stream, boldly dashed into the shallows and waded across, though her coats were not "kirtled aboon her knee." Even Mr. Doublegrip condescended to go in over his "hightows" to examine a small hole under a bush where nothing larger than a shrew mouse could by any possibility



"YES OR NO?"

have entered. As he stooped down, the cry, which the beagles had now joined, drew towards him, and the very next minute something leaped from the bush right on to his back, and making that the fulcrum for another spring, was away; but so taken by surprise was the worthy keeper that he was overturned into the water, and came up pale and dripping, declaring that he "never knew hotters was such venomous things as to get into trees and come out at anybody like that." After this he prudently kept in the background with the carpenter and others less enthusiastic. "By Jove, we must kill him, if he does not get away," exclaimed the squire; "he can never stand this long," as the reeds shook for yards with the furious driving

of the pack. "I can't imagine what you are hunting. I wish I could get a view; I am sure it's not an otter," replied the parson. "It must be; but we shall soon know." About one hundred and fifty yards from the stream stood the ruins of an old chapel on the side nearest the mansion, and towards it the cry in the reed beds appeared now to tend. In fact, if ever a lot of curs and mongrels ran hard these did, and it was pretty certain that the foremost of them must be almost in view; so that there was a general rush to the landward side of the reeds, which were broad and bordered by an osier holt, cut a year or two before, of some acre in extent. Quickly as all made for the other side, the passage of pursued

and pursuer had been still quicker, and the squire, his son, and the parson gained the edge just in time to see a mad rush across the open towards the ruins. "Whoo-hoop," shouted they, as a long-legged mongrel of the ratcatcher's, half-lurched and half-terrier, ran into something, and the next minute there was a stifled worry, that told of life sold dearly and gallant defence against fearful odds. The scene as the ladies came up, and the carcass of the hunted animal was rescued from its enemies, I shall never forget. "My poor cat!" almost screamed our hostess; "my tortoiseshell tom, that has won prizes at the Crystal Palace, and all the best shows in the country; how can it possibly have happened?"—*Daily's Monthly Magazine*.

SALES BY AUCTION, etc.

WESTGATE-ON-SEA ESTATE, Isle of Thanet.—Very valuable Freehold Building Land, comprising exceedingly choice sites for the erection of marine residences, and several eligible plots for shops. Boasting a history allied with many curious legends, which can be traced almost as far back as the landing of St. Augustine in the Isle of Thanet, A.D. 596, and by the discovery of ancient relics, to the time of the Romans, Westgate is yet essentially a modern town, and it has made such rapid progress in the hands of the present landowner, Edmund F. Davis, Esq., that it has now become one of the most charming, picturesque, and select marine resorts on the south-east coast. Being within two miles of Margate, it possesses all the advantages, without any of the drawbacks, of this popular watering-place. To the ordinary excursionist Westgate is comparatively unknown, for to him it offers but few inducements, while to the upper and middle classes of society its attractions are innumerable—magnificent sea views, splendid bathing, fine bracing air, pure water, sea walls and promenades of over a mile in length, with easy access to the sands below, and beautifully disposed ornamental squares, lawns, and pleasure grounds, including a delightfully sheltered garden, with grassy slopes, formed on the verge of the cliff, and affording protection at all times from boisterous winds. There are capital wide roads through the estate, and a marine drive following the line of the coast for nearly two miles. To the many other desirable features, exclusively its own (which within the limits of an advertisement must necessarily be passed over), should be added the fact that Westgate can be reached from London by the special Westgate-on-Sea and Granville express in one hour and 40 minutes, and that there are also other fast trains at cheap fares during the day. A considerable number of the houses upon the estate, especially most of the handsome villas along the sea front, have been built by gentlemen for their own occupation; and as nearly the whole of the uncovered land is the property of the vendor, there is no possible chance of the aristocratic character of Westgate ever being destroyed.

MESSRS. DEBENHAM, TEWSON, and FARMER have received instructions to SELL by AUCTION, at the Mart, London, on TUESDAY, July 15, at TWO, in fifty-three Lots, important FREEHOLD BUILDING SITES, situate in Sea-road, Lodge Point-gardens, Westgate-road, Roxburgh-road, Sussex-gardens, Sussex-square, Westgate-square, St. Mildred's-road, The Grove, the main Canterbury-road, and Cuthbert-road, Westgate-on-Sea. The plots will be shown upon application at the Manor Park Estate Office, Westgate-on-Sea, where particulars, plans, and views may be obtained. Particulars, &c., may also be had of Messrs. Parker, Solicitors, No. 17, Bedford-row, and of the Auctioneers, So, Cheapside.

Summingdale-park, in the parishes of Old Windsor and Sunninghill, for many years the well-known seat and estate of Sir Charles Decimus Crosley, the whole of freehold tenure, with registered indefeasible title and free from land tax, and, for its size, one of the most compact and best defined estates in the county, being surrounded on all sides by roads to which there are extensive frontages. It lies on the confines of the royal demesne, Windsor Great Park, about seven miles from Windsor Castle (a picturesque drive through the Great Park), and near to the principal entrance leading to Virginia Water, and in a neighbourhood which is deservedly in great repute. Bagshot-parc (H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught), Tittey-park (Earl of Yarborough), Easthamstead-park (Marquess of Downshire), Sunninghill-park, Coworth (late y let to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales), Ascot-wood, Chobham-place, &c., are in the immediate vicinity. The mansion stands in a well selected position on a knoll, and is surrounded by the undulating old and well timbered park lands, which are studded with numerous elm, oak, horse chestnut, and other trees of mature growth. It is in the Italian style of architecture, with lofty porticos having Ionic capitals and pillars; 18 bed-rooms, bathroom, noble hall, 30ft. by 20ft., two drawing-rooms 52ft. in length, dining-room, 30ft. by 20ft., library, 21ft. 6in. square, billiard-room, morning-room, and ample offices; stabling for seven horses, two coach-houses, gardener's cottage, entrance lodge, cowman's cottage, conservatory and glasshouses, ornamental gardens and grounds with terraces, plantation and other walks, a maze (constructed at great cost, and being a counterpart of the celebrated maze at Hampton Court Palace); private gasworks, farm-yard and buildings, kitchen garden, orchard, and various enclosures of land, in all about 112a. 3r. 20p., but in consequence of the undulating and broken formation of the grounds and lands and the artistic skill with which the plantations are arranged, having the appearance of very much greater extent. The woods and shaws are intersected by long walks, skirted by wild flowers and ferns; two summer-houses and seats in commanding situations, and whence, as well as from the mansion and grounds, some views of very varied descriptions are obtained, besides distant views in the direction of Windsor Great Park, Coworth, and the Surrey hills near Epsom. Portions of the land extend to within a quarter of a mile of the Sunningdale Station, and could readily be developed for building purposes. Excellent water, Church n.e. Two packs of hounds hunt the district. With possession.

MESSRS. DEBENHAM, TEWSON, and FARMER have received instructions to SELL the ABOVE, at the Mart, in AUGUST. Particulars with plans and views, can shortly be had of Messrs. Wilde, Berger, Moore, and Wille, Solicitors, No. 21, College-hill; and of the Auctioneers, So, Cheapside.

The well-known racing 10-ton Cutter Yacht Mildred.

GLASIER and SONS have received instructions to SELL by AUCTION, at the Mart, on WEDNESDAY next, July 2, at Two o'clock, the well-known carvel-built racing cutter YACHT MILDRED, 10 tons, builder's measurement. The yacht was built by Dummer in 1877, and is lying at Erith. She has a full inventory, with magnificent racing canvas, and last season won nearly £100 in prizes, although not sailing in many matches. Particulars may be obtained at the Mart; or of Messrs. Meynell and Pemberton, Solicitors, 20, Whitehall-place; and at the offices of the Auctioneers, 41, Charing-cross; from whom orders to view may be obtained, and where intending purchasers can see the inventory and specification of the yacht, and arrangements be made for sailing her if required.

OXFORDSHIRE.—On the Thame at Burcote, between Oxford and Wallingford, on the borders of South Oxfordshire and Old Berkshire hunts, and within two miles of Culham Station on the Great Western Railway. Sale of Land, presenting attractive sites for the erection of river-side residences.

FRANKLIN and GALE are instructed (by the Trustee under the will of the late Miss Cripps) to SELL by AUCTION, at the Corn Exchange, Wallingford, on FRIDAY, July 11th, 1879, at 2 for 3 o'clock precisely, in 14 lots, valuable FREEHOLD LANDED ESTATES in the Parishes of Stadhampton, Burcote, Marsh Baldon, Dorchester, and Bix, containing altogether about 190 acres, and well adapted for investment or occupation, also four plots of extremely valuable long leasehold building land, containing 11a 1r 9p, offering charming sites for the erection of villa Residences, being bounded by the high road from Abingdon to Wallingford, and having a south frontage to and possessing a fine view of the long Burcote Reach of the River Thames. Also a very desirable and secure property for investment, consisting of a tithe rent charge of £51 17s. 1d. on the Willoughby Estate at Dorchester. Particulars, with plans and conditions of sale, may be obtained of Messrs. Hedges, Son, and Marshall, Solicitors; or of the Auctioneers, Wallingford, Berks.

SUNNINGHILL, Berks.—Tetcworth-house, a charming Freehold Residential Estate, occupying one of the choicest spots in this delightful neighbourhood, about one mile from Windsor Forest, a mile and half from Ascot Station on the London and South-Western Railway, two miles from Virginia Water, about 10 minutes' walk from the parish church, and one hour's ride by rail from London. The residence stands on an elevated position, placed at a suitable distance from the road leading from Ascot to Windsor, nearly opposite the lodge-entrance to the New Mile Course; it is surrounded by well-disposed lawns and pleasure grounds, interspersed by terrace and gravel walks, screened and studded with a variety of well-grown forest trees and conifers. It contains the following accommodation:—Entrance-hall, dining and drawing rooms, the latter opening to conservatory, library, lavatory, store room, butler's pantry, and water-closet, five principal bed and two dressing rooms, water-closet, day and night nurseries, and four secondary bedrooms; the domestic offices are ample and conveniently arranged; there is a capital dry wine and ale cellarage, as also a cottage, containing two rooms, for servants. The gardens are walled in, very productive, and well stocked; there are also viney, stove, greenhouse, forcing pits, &c. The stabling is well placed, and includes three stalls, three boxes, and harness room, with hay loft and groom's room over double coach-house, and at the northern extremity of the property is a small farmery with gardener's cottage. The residence is surrounded by park-like pasture land, the whole containing 21a. 1r. 5p.

MESSRS. BEADEL and CO. have received instructions to offer the above ESTATE for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, London, on THURSDAY, the 10th day of July 1879, at One o'clock precisely, in one lot.—Particulars with plan and conditions of sale, may be obtained of Messrs. Longueville, Jones, and Williams, Solicitors, Oswestry; and of Messrs. Beadel and Co., 97, Gresham-street, London, E.C.

DEVONSHIRE, near to the favourite watering-places of Sidmouth and Seaton.—An important Manorial Estate, known as Wiscombe-park, situate in the parishes of Southleigh and Colyton, distant three miles from Colyton, six from Sidmouth, Seaton, and Honiton, where there are stations on the London and South-Western Railway, and 20 from Exeter. It comprises a substantial mansion, of pleasing elevation, surrounded by well-arranged pleasure grounds, standing in a park adorned with stately timber, and embracing extensive and charming views over a richly undulating country, approached from the high road by a carriage drive, and containing entrance hall, three reception rooms and study, 14 principal and secondary bed and dressing rooms, day and night nurseries, bath room, and water-closet. The domestic offices and cellarage are ample. The walled-in kitchen garden and stabling are conveniently placed. There are several occupations, with suitable homesteads, dwelling-houses, with productive orchard, meadow, pasture, and arable land, interspersed with thriving woods, plantations, and excellent coverts, forming an admirable estate for sporting purposes. The whole property comprises 1,883 acres 3 roods 3 perches, the greater portion let to responsible tenants; the remainder, including the mansion, park, woods, and plantations, are in hand. There is an abundant supply of water, gravel, and brick earth. With the estate will be included the Manor or reputed Manor of Southleigh, with the rights and privileges thereto belonging; also, in separate lots, the Advowson or Right of Presentation to the Rectory of Southleigh, with the Rectory-house, grounds, and 35a. r. 37p. of glebe; 12a. 0r. 11p. of orchard and pasture land, with cottage and garden, at Hardy's-hill; and about four acres of accommodation land, at Buckrell, near Honiton.

MESSRS. BEADEL and CO. are instructed by the Trustees under the will of the late Charles Gordon, Esq., to offer the above important ESTATE for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, London, on THURSDAY, the 10th day of July, 1879, at ONE o'clock, in four lots.—Particulars, with plans and conditions of sale, may be obtained of T. E. Drake, Esq., Solicitor, Exeter; of Messrs. Stamp and Son, Solicitors, Honiton; at the Mart; and of Messrs. Beadel and Co., 97, Gresham-street, London, E.C.

STETCHWORTH-PARK ESTATE, between Cambridge and Newmarket.—An important and exceedingly valuable Freehold Residential and Sporting Domain, containing about 3,175 acres, together with the Advowson and Manor of Stetchworth, desirably situate in the best part of Cambridgeshire (on the London road), three miles from Newmarket, two from Dullingham Station, and 13 from Cambridge. It adjoins the Newmarket July and Round Courses, the Devil's Ditch, and the estates of the Duke of Rutland, the Hon. W. H. J. North, C. W. Robinson, Esq., and the Jockey Club. Stetchworth-house is a very comfortable residence, substantially-built, and in excellent order and repair. It is in the centre of the estate, in a small but well-timbered park, with capital coach-house and stabling, premises and offices, spacious walled kitchen gardens, well-dressed pleasure grounds, with ornamental water, with entrance-lodge and carriage-drive through the park and pleasure grounds. The property is divided into 10 farms, besides small holdings, with all necessary farmhouses, homesteads, and buildings, all in good order and repair. The church (the western gallery of which, with the private way thereto, is appropriated to the estate) is within the grounds. The woods and plantations comprise about 550 acres, are well dispersed, and intersected with drives, rides, and shooting paths. There is a large stock of game on the estate, which is well-known as affording about the best shooting in the county, and is specially adapted for partridge driving. Foxhounds and harriers meet in the locality, and many of the woods are well known fox covers. Stetchworth is a favourite meet. The mansion and grounds are in hand, and thus early possession may be had. The house is well furnished, and, if desired, a purchaser can take the furniture, with some exceptions, at a valuation. The rental of the entire estate, including the estimated value of the mansion, woods, plantations in hand, and the shooting is nearly £4,800 a year.

MESSRS. DRIVER and CO. will offer to AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, London, on Tuesday, JULY 8th, at 2 o'clock precisely (unless previously sold by private contract), the above exceedingly desirable FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL and SPORTING DOMAIN. To be viewed by cards only. Particulars shortly of Messrs. Newman, Stretton, and Hilliard, Solicitors, 75, Cornhill; Mr. J. Carter Jonas, Land Agent, &c., Cambridge; and Messrs. Driver and Co., Surveyors, Land Agents, and Auctioneers, 4, Whitehall, London.

MONDAY NEXT, NEWMARKET.

HENRY STANLEY has been favoured with instructions from the Proprietor, to SELL by AUCTION, at the Public Hall, Newmarket, on MONDAY next, the 30th of June, 1879, at FIVE o'clock, an important Freehold and Tithe Free Estate, contiguous to the town, comprising 355 acres of very valuable building and accommodation land, which will be offered in lots, varying from half an acre up to 140 acres, thereby affording excellent opportunities of obtaining sites for shed farms, paddocks, racing establishments, and the erection of private residences. Particulars may be obtained of James Button, Esq., Solicitor, Newmarket; Messrs. Bowker and Co., Solicitors, 6, Bedford-row, W.C.; Messrs. Carr and Co., Solicitors, 70, Basinghall-street, E.C., and of Henry Stanley, Land Agent, Warwick-house, Bury St. Edmunds, and 61, Gresham-street, E.C.

GROUSE SHOOTING and TROUT FISHING, with Board and Lodging, offered to two or three Sportsmen, for four or six weeks from 12th August, over 10,000 or 12,000 acres in the North of Scotland. Gentlemen to state their own terms, and be particular in giving references. Further information given on application.—G. K., Telegraph Office, Nairn.

FIGHELDEAN, Wilts. Four miles from Amesbury, 12 from Salisbury and Devizes, and 10 from Woodborough Station.—Announcement of SALE by AUCTION of an attractive and important Freehold Residential and Sporting Property, known as the "Ablington House" Estate, situated in a most charming and influential neighbourhood within a few miles of Stonehenge and other places of interest, and comprising the commodious and pleasantly placed Residence, containing spacious hall and staircase, drawing room opening into conservatory, dining and breakfast rooms, 8 principal bed-chambers, 3 attic-chambers, and convenient and suitable offices, the whole approached by a carriage drive through tastefully arranged lawn and flower garden, studded with magnificent and ornamental timber; extensive and well stocked walled-in kitchen garden; also stabling for six horses, coach-house, harness-room, &c., together with five sets of Farm Buildings, and a large number of Labourers' Cottages. There is also a capital Water Corn Mill on the Estate, having a never failing water-supply, driving four pairs of stones. The total Area of the Property is about 850 ACRES of superior ARABLE, luxuriant WATER MEADOWS, excellent DOWN PASTURE, and thriving PLANTATIONS. To gentlemen seeking a property for occupation the above offers a rare inducement. The sporting attractions are exceptionally great and varied, the river Avon, which runs through the estate, affords excellent Trout Fishing, the healthy situation and warm aspect of the Hill Lands and Plantations invariably secures a good breed of Partridges, and the Kennels of the Tedworth Hounds, and the meeting ground of the well-known Amesbury Coursing and Wiltshire Hawking Clubs are close by; whilst for investment the superior quality of the Land, either for corn growing or stock, is so widely known and recognised as at all times to ensure a Tenant at a remunerative rental.

MESSRS. WATERS, SON, and RAWLENCE are favoured with instructions from the Executors of the late T. E. Simpkins, Esq., to offer the above valuable FREEHOLD ESTATE for SALE by AUCTION, at the Phoenix Hotel, Pewsey, Wilts, on MONDAY, the 21st July 1879, at Three o'clock precisely, unless previously disposed of by private contract, of which due notice will be given.—Printed particulars, with plans and conditions of sale, may be obtained at the place of sale; the Bear Hotel, Devizes; the Auction Mart, London; or of the Auctioneers, Canal, Salisbury; or of Messrs. Wilson, Thring, and Wilson, Solicitors, Salisbury.

BATTLE and MOUNTFIELD, Sussex.—Important Freehold Residential Estate, known as Woodlands, about 3 miles from Battle, nine from Hastings, and two hours' ride from London. It comprises a capital residence, with verandah on the south front, and is approached as an entrance-lodge by a carriage-drive of upwards of a quarter of a mile. It contains four reception rooms, eleven bed-chambers, bath-room, dressing-room, capital offices, and cellarage; contiguous is a paved yard and four-stall stable, with coach-house and men's rooms over. The pleasure grounds are tastefully laid out in croquet and tennis lawns, bordered with choice rhododendrons, parterre, and shrubbery walks; there is a viney and succession of houses, and productive kitchen garden—a complete model farm. The land is undulating and has been well farmed. It comprises about 100 acres of arable, 80 of grass, 14 of pleasure grounds and plantations, and about 60 of wood, the whole forming an estate of rare beauty, containing about 255 acres lying in a ring fence, and which has been for several years in the occupation of the owner, who has spared neither time nor expense. It commands very extensive views from Eastbourne to Hastings, and over the rich and varied scenery of Kent and Sussex. Netherfield Church may almost be said to stand at the corner of the park. The climate is bracing and salubrious, and the property offers a rare opportunity to any gentleman desirous of obtaining an estate within easy reach of London and Hastings. The celebrated sub-wealden boring, which was made upon this estate in the interest of science, has disclosed the fact that a very extensive and virtually inexhaustible bed of gypsum exists on the property, and offers a rich field of enterprise to anyone who may work the same. The Sub-Wealden Gypsum Company's works are carried on in the neighbourhood, and, as the demand for the mineral is very great, a large trade may, if desired, be readily developed.

MR. JOHN LEES is instructed to offer the above desirable FREEHOLD PROPERTY by AUCTION, at the Mart, near the Bank of England, on THURSDAY, July 10, at One for Two o'clock (unless an acceptable offer be previously made by private treaty). The tenure of the estate is freehold, the title is registered, and possession may be had on completion of the purchase.

Particulars may be obtained of G. Carter Morrison, Esq., Solicitor, Regisgate; of Morrisons, 94, Cannon-street, E.C.; at the Mart, London; and of Mr. John Lees, Land Agent and Auctioneer, Regisgate, who will forward them on application, as well as orders to view.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—The Lodge, Six Mile Bottom.—A choice Freehold Residential Property known as the Lodge, within $\frac{3}{4}$ miles of Newmarket Heath, and close to Six Mile Bottom Station on the Great Eastern Railway, in the parishes of Bottisham, Little Wilbraham, and Westley, in the county of Cambridge. The house, which has been recently enlarged and improved by the present owner at a considerable outlay, is a large well-planned residence, and contains on the ground floor entrance hall, lofty dining room, drawing room, with conservatory, morning room and library, cloak room and lavatory, and w.c.s. servants' hall, housekeeper's room, butler's pantry, two kitchens, larder, and dairy. On the first floor eight principal bedrooms and bathroom, four servants' bedrooms, boxroom; beer and wine cellars in the basement, servants' out-offices, capital stables for fine horses and coach-houses with coachman's rooms over, dog kennels and small well-arranged farmstead, pair of cottages, enclosed kitchen garden with greenhouses. The gardens and pleasure grounds are tastefully laid out and planted with handsome shrubs; there are also some fine timber trees on the lawns and park. The land is chiefly pasture laid out in paddocks, well adapted for breeding thoroughbred horses, the whole containing a total area of 51a. 3r. 21p. This estate, from its character and proximity to Newmarket, is particularly suitable for a racing establishment or a stud farm. There is a capital train service from Six Mile Bottom Station to London and the Midland Counties, and a telegraph station.

MESSRS. BIDWELL are instructed by the Owner to SELL the above valuable PROPERTY by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, London, on MONDAY, the 30th day of June, 1879, at Two o'clock precisely, in one lot. Particulars with plan and conditions of sale and orders to view may be had of Mr. E. Wayman, Solicitor, Cambridge; of Messrs. Lofts and Warner, Land Agents, 99, Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, W.; and of Messrs. Bidwell, Land Agents and Surveyors, Ely, and 12, Mill-lane, Cambridge.

SURREY.—PINE FOREST for SALE beautifully situated between Farnham and Haslemere. About 225 acres of Freehold Pine Forest Land, elevated and commanding expansive views, a pure and healthy atmosphere, a dry sandy subsoil, and eminently adapted for the erection of one or more residences of a good class. Frensham fishing and boating lake is within a mile. There is good shooting, and fox-hounds are kennelled in the district. With possession.—For further particulars apply to Messrs. Marsh, Milner and Co., Auctioneers and Surveyors, 54, Cannon-street, E.C.

TRAINING STABLES AT RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.—TO LET, and may be entered upon immediately, the house called "Silvia Hall," with Stables, Haylofts, &c. There are three excellent loose boxes, and stabling for fourteen horses.—For particulars, apply to Edward Mason, Esq., Castle Hill, Richmond, Yorkshire; or to Dr. Lister (the owner), Haydock Lodge, Newton-le-Willows, Lancashire.

Tuesday next. By direction of the Mortgagor.—The King's-cross Theatre, a fully licensed Dramatic Property, held for a term of 25 years unexpired, at a ground-rent of £9.9s. per annum. With possession.
MESSRS. E. and H. LUMLEY are instructed to SELL by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on TUESDAY next, July 1st, at Two o'clock precisely (unless previously sold), the fully-licensed DRAMATIC PROPERTY, known as King's-cross Theatre, Liverpool-street, Euston-road (opposite the Great Northern Railway Terminus). Held for a term of 25 years, at a ground rent of nine guineas per annum. This well-known and long-established bijou Theatre is in the centre of a populous locality, will seat 500 people, and will be sold as a going concern, with possession, together with the scenery, fittings, and furniture complete. May be viewed on application.—Particulars and conditions of sale to be had of C. E. Withall, Esq., Solicitor, 18, Bedford-row; at the Mart; and of Lumleys, Land Agents and Auctioneers, St. James's-street, Piccadilly.

EAST KENT, near Canterbury.—A GENTLEMAN'S HOUSE with good Stabling, Farriery, Gardener's Cottage, and thirty-one acres of Orchard and Arable Land.

To be SOLD by AUCTION by Messrs. PRIOR and NEWSON, at the Mart, JULY 9th. Particulars at 57, Lincoln's-inn-fields, W.C., and at Canterbury.

HAMPSHIRE.—CHOICE SPORTING ESTATE of nearly 800 acres, of which 220 are Timber and Underwood, with possession. For Sale at a very low reserve.
MESSRS. PRIOR and NEWSON will SELL on JULY 9th, at the Mart, the above speculative property, well worth the attention of Capitalists and Sportsmen.—Particulars at 57, Lincoln's-inn-fields, W.C.

To BE LET FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS, a delightful detached Villa Residence at BARNEYS, facing the Thames, and beautifully situated. Dining and drawing-rooms, four bed-rooms, &c., well furnished; piano. Garden sloping to the river. Terms, three and a half a guinea per week, including services of an excellent cook.—Address A. C. The Terrace, Barnes, S.W.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.
PRESIDENT:
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

INTERNATIONAL AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION
TO BE HELD IN LONDON (KILBURN),
Seven days only,
JUNE 30TH TO JULY 7TH, 1879.
RAILWAY STATION,
Salisbury-road, Queen's Park and West Kilburn (L. & N. W. R.), and Kensal Green Station (N. L. R.), adjoining; Westbourne Park (G. W. R.), and West-end (M. R.), 1 mile distant.

GREAT SHOW OF BRITISH AND FOREIGN HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP, PIGS, ASSES, MULES, GOATS, BEES, IMPLEMENTS, HOFS, WOOL, BUTTER, CHEESE, HAMS, BACON, FRESH AND PRESERVED MEATS, CIDER, PERRY, FARM IMPLEMENTS, AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY, CHEESE AND BUTTER MAKING DAILY. INDIAN AND EUROPEAN FARM PRODUCE. COMPARATIVE MUSEUM OF ANCIENT AND MODERN FARM IMPLEMENTS. PARADE OF HORSES AND CATTLE DAILY.

ADMISSION.
MON. June 30th ... 5s. FRI. July 4th 1s.
TUES. July 1st ... 5s. SATUR. , 5th 1s.
WED. , 2nd ... 28. 6d. and 1 mile distant.
THURS. , 3rd ... 28. 6d. MON. , 7th 1s.

Non-transferable Season Tickets, available for admission and re-admission on each day of the Exhibition, price 10s. 6d., may be obtained at all the principal Libraries, and at the Offices of the Royal Agricultural Society, 12, Hanover-square, London, W.

Continuation of Horse Auctions.

NEWMARKET.

To be SOLD by AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, in the Park Paddocks, Newmarket, on THURSDAY Afternoon, July 1, the following BROOD MARES, the property of a gentleman: MAUVICETTE, chestnut mare (foaled in France in 1873) by Vermouth out of Burtaville by Florin, her dam Sauvagine (Salvator's dam) by Ion. Florin (sire of Florentin, winner of the French Derby) is by Surplice out of Payment (Dollar's dam). Mauviette is covered by Kingcraft.

ENTECADA, brown mare (foaled in 1863) and dam of some winners in France by The Flying Dutchman out of La Maladetta (dam of Cerdague, Nithou, Vignemale, &c.) by The Baron out of Refraction (winner of the Oaks) by Glauces. Entecada is covered by Kingcraft.

NEWMARKET.

To be SOLD by AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, in the Park Paddocks, Newmarket, on THURSDAY Afternoon, July 1, the property of a gentleman:

MAY FLY, by King of Trumps or Breadalbane out of May Flower by Newminster, with filly foal by Speculum and covered by See Saw.

MERRY MAY, by Knight of the Garter out of May Queen by Kettledrum out of Fidget, with a filly foal by Speculum, and covered by See Saw.

NEWMARKET.

To be SOLD by AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, in the Park Paddocks, Newmarket, on THURSDAY Morning, July 3, THE BONEHILL YEARLINGS.

HOLLANDS, a bay filly by Pero Gomez out of Hollandaise by Dollar, her dam Vanilla by Sweetmeat (foaled March 28).

BOMBASTES, a bay colt by Pero Gomez out of Vain Glorious (sister to Victorious) by Newminster (foaled April 2).

MEDITATION, a bay filly by Cathedral out of Young Lady by Young Melbourne out of My Lady by Lambton, first foal (foaled February 28).

ALLEGRO, a black colt by Pero Gomez out of Happy Thought (dam of Pilgrim and Merry Thought) by Thunderbolt out of Rupee (foaled March 10).

WARFARE, a brown filly by Pero Gomez out of War Queen by King Tom, her dam Amazon by Touchstone (foaled April 20).

GUARANTEE, a bay filly by Pero Gomez out of Barragin (dam of Beauty Violet, Granada, Blackmoor, &c.) by Batavon (foaled March 11).

VIVACITY, black filly by Pero Gomez out of Hilarity by King Tom, her dam Nightingale by Mountain Deer; first foal (foaled Feb. 17).

AUGURY, bay filly by Pero Gomez out of Charade (dam of Mystery, Titania II., Oracle, &c.) by Stockwell, her dam Jeu d'Esprit by Flatcatcher (foaled Jan. 14).

NIGHTSHADE, bay filly by Pero Gomez out of Nightjar (dam of Herald, Harbinger, &c.) by Wild Dayrell, her dam Swallow by Cotherstone (foaled Jan. 13).

MASTERSTROKE, bay colt (brother to Matador) by Pero Gomez out of Coup de Grace by Newminster, her dam Ellen Tree by Birdcatcher (foaled Feb. 21).

PRIORY, bay filly by Favonius out of Monaca (sister to Rosicrucian and dam of Polymnia, Monaco, &c.) by Beadsman, her dam Madame Eglantine (foaled March 23).

The following YEARLINGS, with their engagements, the property of a Nobleman.

BATTLEMENT, bay colt by Citadel out of Crossfire (dam of Ambuscade) by Vedette out of Crosslanes, by Slane out of Diversion (dam of Madame Eglantine, Morganla Faye, Miami, &c.) by Defence (foaled March 12).

VALENCIA, chestnut filly by Citadel out of Murcia (dam of Segura, Northumbrian, Callant, &c.) by Lord of the Isles out of Donna Subina by Don Juan out of Sorella by the Sadler (foaled February 16).

NEWMARKET.

To be SOLD by AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, in the Park Paddocks, Newmarket, on WEDNESDAY Afternoon, July 2, the following BROOD MARES AND FOALS, the property of a gentleman:

PALEGRA (1873) sister to Vril by Thunderbolt, her dam Midwife by Wild Dayrell, her dam Jessie by Slane, granddam by Glenoe out of Alea by Whalebone, covered by Exminster (by Newminster).

LADY HARRINGTON (1871) by Y. Melbourne out of Miss Foote by Orlando out of Gossamer by Birdcatcher out of Cast Steel by Whisker, covered by Exminster.

LAST LOVE (1860) by Annandale (dam of Inheritor) by Liverpool out of Handmaiden by Walton, with a filly foal by Thunder, and covered by Queen's Messenger.

GARNET (1874) by Strathconan out of Minx by Oulston out of Medea by Pyrrhus the First out of Mithilde by Mango, covered by Rosebery.

ROU LADE (1866) by Kettledrum, her dam Prefute by Touchstone out of Gossamer by Birdcatcher, covered by Pero Gomez.

RIVAL (1874) by Rosierian dam Wee Wee (dam of The Dwarf) by Miss Marie by Gladiator out of Bavarian by Tramp, with a filly foal by Exminster, and covered by Queen's Messenger.

PRINCE'S MIXTURE, bay filly by Kingcraft out of Latakia (dam of Little Ben, Meerschaum, and Returns by Polmoodie out of Regalia's dam (foaled April 12).

NELL GWYNNE, chestnut filly by St. Albans out of Fickle (dam of Letcombe, Coquette, &c.) by Dundee out of Changeable by Weatherbit.

This is the last of the St. Albans.

ANDROMEDA, brown filly by Cecrops out of Casiope by Voltigeur out of Vanity.

Engagements will be given in the catalogues of the day.

NEWMARKET.

To be SOLD by AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, in the Park Paddocks, Newmarket, on THURSDAY Morning, July 3, the following YEARLINGS, the property of a gentleman:

BAY COLT, by Kingcraft out of The Pique by Purfume out of Columbine by De Clare.

BLACK or BROWN COLT, by Saunterer out of Sophie by Brown Bread—Lady Sophia, by Stockwell—Frolic by Touchstone.

BAY FILLY, by General Peel out of La Lievre (bred in France by Ventre St Gris out of Leslie by Eylan—Lady Fashion).

BROWN FILLY, by Brother to Strafford out of Ladybird by Birdhill out of Anna by Ille Boy —Phoebe (dam of Big Ben) by Touchstone.

The following Yearlings, with their engagements, the property of a Gentleman.

CHESTNUT COLT by Queen's Messenger out of Retty (dam of Muley Edris by Lambton, her dam Fern by Fernhill granddam by Beiram out of Addy (foaled January 27).

BROWN COLT by the Miner, dam Nuncheon by Orlando.

CHESTNUT COLT by Paganini out of Blue Stocking by the Flying Dutchman (foaled April 4).

BROWN FILLY by Prince Charlie out of Little Nan (foaled April 9).

BAY FILLY by Westminster out of La Rose by Camerino out of Light Wine by Claret (foaled May 17).

NEWMARKET.

To be SOLD by AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, at Newmarket, on THURSDAY Morning, July 3, the property of T. Cooke, Esq.:

DANDY JACK, bay yearling colt by John Davis out of Surprise by Lifeboat—The Argosy by Pyrrhus the First (foaled June 19).

NEWMARKET.

To be SOLD by AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, with their engagements, the following YEARLINGS, bred in Lincolnshire, the property of Mr. R. D. Green Price, at Newmarket, on THURSDAY Morning, July 3:

BAY FILLY by Siderolite out of Dodona by Oulston out of Thespia by Alarm, her dam Varsoviana (dam of Nemesis) by Ion (foaled May 1).

BAY COLT by Kingcraft out of The Gift (the dam of Almoner), by St. Albans out of Garnish by Faugh a Ballagh, her dam Gaiety by Touchstone out of Cast Steel by Whisker (foaled in March).

CHESTNUT COLT by Broomielaw out of Decollete by Marsyas out of Gossamer by Birdcatcher, her dam Cast Steel by Whisker (foaled March 30).

BLACK COLT by Cathedral out of Miss Hercules (dam of Day Dream, Dragon Fly, &c.) by Sir Hercules out of Silence (the granddam of Sterling) by Melbourne, her dam Secret by Hornsea (foaled in March).

BAY COLT by Cucumber out of Tears by Blair Athol out of Niobe, by Loup Garou, her dam Misserima by Pantaloons out of Phryne by Touchstone (foaled May 20).

CHESTNUT COLT by Siderolite out of Bignonia by Trumpeter out of Catawba by Cow, her dam Miami by Venison (foaled April 30).

To be seen at Mr. Martin's Stables, Exeter-road, Newmarket.

The property of a Gentleman.

GLENBRUAR, a bay yearling colt by Queen's Messenger out of Glenholme by Macaroni—Glen-gowrie by Touchstone—Glencairne (sister to Glenco) by Sultan; engaged in the Doncaster Stakes, and the Third Great Foal Stakes at Newmarket First October Meeting, 1881.

The following YEARLINGS, the property of Mr. Robert Stephenson.

CHESTNUT COLT, by Julius out of Katrine, by Blinkhoolie out of Lady of the Lake, sister to Wintrave.

BAY FILLY, by Julius out of Ermine, sister to Dandelion, by Lord Lyon out of Siberia.

BAY FILLY, by Julius out of Storm, by Cambuscan out of Lightning by Thunderbolt.

NEWMARKET.

To be SOLD by AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, in the Park Paddocks, Newmarket, on THURSDAY Afternoon, July 3:

BROWN COLT (foaled January 26, 1879), by George Frederick out of Brenda (dam of Rocket), winner of eight hunter races last year, by Merryman, her dam Ambourne by Melbourne out of Latona by Lanercost.

Merryman was by Hobbie Nobie out of Mathilde by Mango.

NEWMARKET.

To be SOLD by AUCTION by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, in the Park Paddocks, Newmarket, on THURSDAY Afternoon, July 3 (under Lord Exeter's conditions), the following YEARLINGS, the property of the Marquis of Exeter.

VALLON, bay filly by Onslow out of Valley by St. Albans, her dam Vallation by Vedette out of Palmistry by Sleight-of-hand (foaled March 13).

VEDETTA, bay filly, by Onslow out of a brown mare (foaled in 1860) by Vedette, her dam, Firmament's dam, by Sleight-of-hand out of Ellen by Starch (foaled March 1).

ALFONSO, bay colt, by Onslow, out of Seville by Birdcatcher, her dam Donna Sabina by Don John (foaled February 25).

THE OLD MAN, black colt, by Onslow out of Miss Orton by Chevalier d'Industrie, her dam Sally Brass by Fibert (foaled April 11—first foal).

SYRACUSE, bay colt by Onslow out of Catania, by Thunderbolt, her dam, Etha, by Orlando, out of Vesuvienne, by Gladiator (foaled March 9th).

The above yearlings are all entered in the following stakes: The Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes, run at Derby in 1880; the Second Great Yorkshire Foal Stakes, run at Thirsk in 1880; and the Second Great National Breeders' Foal Stakes, run at Redcar in 1881.

THURSDAY EVENING.

THE YARDLEY STUD YEARLINGS. About twenty of them bred near Birmingham.

To be seen at Lowther House Stables, nearly opposite the entrance to the Sale Paddocks, Mr. Gee's.

BAY COLT by Sterling out of Seagull (dam of The Admiral, Beaufort, &c.), own sister to The Mariner, and half sister to The Recorder, &c., by Lifeboat, her dam Wild Cherry, by Surplice, &c. (foaled January 28).

BAY COLT by The Duke out of Miss Bess by Oxford, her dam Bessie by Autocrat out of Dora by Bessus her dam Doralice (dam of Bradamante, Speculum, &c.) by Alarm or Orlando out of Preseve by Emilia (foaled March 2).

CHESTNUT FILLY by The Duke out of Symphony by Oxford (own sister to Musa), her dam by Mountain Deer out of Ibis by Heron, sire of Fisherman, &c. (foaled March 8th).

BLACK or BROWN COLT by Sterling out of Light Wine (dam of Zeltinger, &c.), by Clare out of Coimbra (dam of Claremont), by Kingston out of Calcavella by Birdcatcher, &c. (foaled March 26th).

CHESTNUT FILLY (own sister to Isonomy) by Sterling out of Isola Bella by Stockwell, her dam Isoline (the dam of Braconnier and St. Christophe), herself the winner of the Goodwood Cup, &c. (foaled March 29th).

This filly to be leased and kept in training stables not longer than the end of the season; when is four yrs old, returned free of all expenses, forfeits, &c., to her owner.

CHESTNUT FILLY by Playfair out of Laverstoke by The Duke (dam of Laverstoke colt, her first foal) out of Besika, dam of Knight of the Crescent, Moslem, Tenedos, &c.) by Beiram out of Merop by Voltaire, &c. (foaled March 29).

BAY FILLY by Sterling, dam by The Duke (dam of Play Rough, her first foal) out of Curacao (dam of Martinique, Surinam, Maraschino, &c.) by The Cure out of Tasmania by Melbourne, &c. (foaled April 6).

BROWN COLT by Sterling out of Siluria (dam of Siluria filly), own sister to Wenlock and half-sister to Kisber by Lord Clifden out of Mineral, own sister to Mandragora (the dam of Mandrake, Apology, &c.) by Rataplan (foaled April 6).

BAY COLT by Sterling out of Panada by Newminster, dam by Stockwell out of Forget me Not, dam of Daniel O'Rourke and Vergess Mein Nicht (Lady Love's dam) by Hetman Platoff, &c. (foaled April 12).

BAY FILLY by Sterling out of Traviata (dam of winners) by Stockwell, her dam Strayaway by Orlando out of Joanna (own sister to Odessa, the granddam of Queen Bertha, &c.) by Sultan out of Filazzee by Soothsayer, &c. (foaled April 26).

BAY COLT by Sterling out of Corsica (dam of Wilberforce, One of Two, &c.) by Newminster, her dam Pauline (dam of Arcadia, Mount Palatine, &c.) by The Emperor—Bettina by Sultan—Gold Pin by Whalebone (foaled April 20).

BAY FILLY by Playfair out of The Bee (own sister to Dukedom) by The Duke out of Mellona (dam of winners, &c.) by Teddington, her dam (Oxford's dam) Honey Dear by Plenipotentiary, &c. (foaled May 2).

BROWN or BAY FILLY by Sterling out of Cherry Duchess (own sister to Merry Duchess) by Duke out of Mirella (half-sister to Lady Coventry and Liddington), by Gemma di Vergi her dam

Lady Roden by West Australian out of Ennui (dam of Staunton, &c.) by Bay Middleton, &c. (foaled May 7th).

BAY COLT by Playfair out of Elsie Mary, by The Marquis (son of Stockwell, winner of the 2,000s stakes and St. Leger) her dam Alarum (dam of Vulcan, &c.) by Alarm out of Marie Vincent by Simon, &c. (foaled May 3rd).

BAY COLT by Sterling, dam by Leamington out of Splitvote—Briberi's dam (the dam of St. Albans, Savernake, &c.) by St. Luke out of Electress by Election, &c. (foaled May 4).

CHESTNUT FILLY by Playfair out of Egyptian (dam of Israel, Lorient, &c.) by Touchstone, her dam Area by Gladiator, &c. (foaled May 9).

BAY FILLY by Sterling out of Leda (dam of Bugler, &c.) by Weatherbit, her dam Wish by Touchstone out of Hope by Muley Moloch, &c. (foaled May 10).

BAY FILLY by Playfair out of Runaway (dam of British Beauty, Playaway, &c.) by Oulston or Stampeno, her dam Gretna by Stockwell—Terrona by Touchstone out of Alice Hawthorn by Muley Moloch, &c. (foaled May 11).

CHESTNUT COLT by Sterling out of Sea Mark by Adventurer her dam Seagull (the dam of Beau-desert, &c.) by Lifeboat—Wild Cherry by Surprise, &c. (foaled May 4).

BAY FILLY by Ben Webster on Sterling out of Last Rose of Summer (dam of Marshal Niel, &c.) by Newminster, her dam English Rose by Faugh-a-Ballagh out of Laundry Maid (second to Mr. Gully's Mendicant for the Epsom Oaks) by Win-tonian, &c. (foaled May 24).

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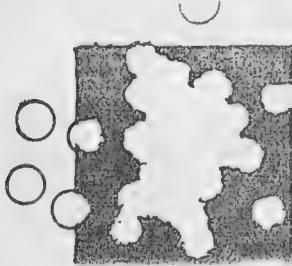
PART 1 now ready. "The importance of the subject, especially at this trying juncture in British farming, cannot be gainsaid; and that it should have fallen to the lucid pen of the late Resident Professor of Agriculture at Cirencester to edit a work throwing light on the most approved method of dairying," is matter for general congratulation."—North British Agriculturist.

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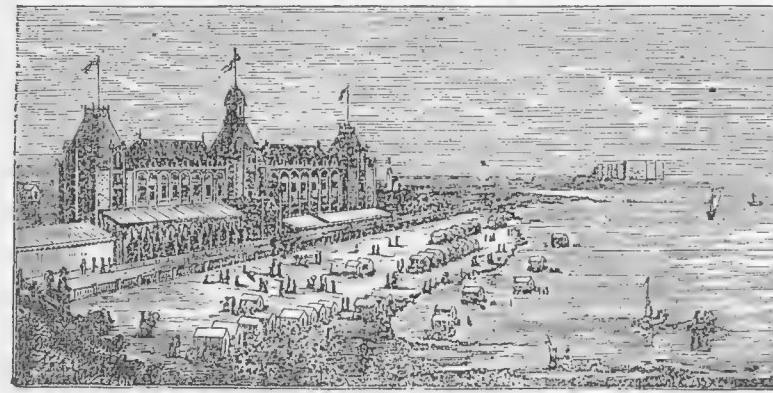
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HORSE AUCTIONS.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL'S

TUESDAY'S SALES

HAVE COMMENCED FOR THE SEASON.

To be SOLD by AUCTION by Messrs.

TATTERSALL, near Albert Gate, Hyde Park, on MONDAY, June 30, without reserve (unless previously disposed of), the following HORSES IN TRAINING and YEARLINGS, with their engagements, the property of Major Staypont:

YEARLINGS.

SALESMAN, chestnut colt by Syrian out of My Mary (dam of Serape, Senator, and Magdalene) by Idle Boy out of Alexa by Hetman Platoff.

SECOND EMPIRE, bay colt by Syrian out of Josephine by Soapstone out of Gloire de Dijon by Trumpeter.

SYSTEM, brown colt by Bluenamite out of Rafile (dam of Blue Ruin and Samaria) by Alarm out of The Swede by Charles The Twelfth out of Mangold Wurzel.

SWEETHEART, bay filly by Knight of the Garter out of Speranza, by Thormanby out of Princess (dam of Syrian, Slander, and Sans Pareil) by Autocrat out of Practice.

SPAZZELLA, brown filly by Bluenamite out of Majolica (dam of Salamis) by Warlock out of Porcelain by Swinton.

SAPHIRE, bay filly by Bluenamite out of Singapore, by Sundeleah out of Sabre (dam of Sword Knot and Sabretache) by Thormanby out of Carbine, by Riffeman.

SILVER SPUR, chestnut filly by Syrian out of Doefoot (dam of Star and Garter) by King of Tramps out of Passion Flower.

SCARAMOUCHE, bay filly by Syrian out of Ischia by The Little Known out of Parthenope by Muttato.

With the exception of No. 7, these yearlings are engaged in the following stakes:—The Second Great Yorkshire Foal Stakes at Thirsk Spring Meeting, 1850; the British Dominion Two Year Old Stake at Sandown Park, 1850; the Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes at Derby September Meeting, 1850; and the Second Great National Breeders' Foal Stakes at Redcar, 1851.

HORSES IN TRAINING.

SENATOR, 4 yrs old, by Speculum out of My Mary. SWORD KNOT, 3 yrs old, by Speculum out of Sabre.

SANS PAREIL, 3 yrs old, by Speculum out of Princess.

SUNBURY, 2 yrs old, by Syrian out of Majolica.

SARCANET, 2 yrs old, by Blue Mantle out of Rafile.

SABRETACHE, 2 yrs old, by Syrian out of Sabre.

SUCCESS, 2 yrs old, by Speculum out of Princess.

To be SOLD by AUCTION by Messrs.

TATTERSALL, in the PARK PADDOCKS, NEWMARKET, on TUESDAY Afternoon, July 1st 1879, at six o'clock precisely, the following very valuable BROOD MARES, FOALS, YEARLINGS, and STALLIONS, being the entire stud (with the exception of Mersey and Trent) of Mr. W. R. Marshall, of Grimsby, and without the slightest reserve.

YEARLINGS.

GAINSBOROUGH, bay colt by Trent out of Victory by Gladiator, her dam Lady Nelson by Collingwood out of Marie Vincent by Simoom out of Fergama by Irian (foaled April 19).

RHIONE, chestnut colt by Blair Athol out of Mercury, dam of Shannon and Trent (foaled April 5).

SAONE, bay colt by Wedmore out of Etoile Polaire (foaled April 21).

POTOMAC, chestnut colt by Wedmore, Trent, or Paladin (last served by Paladin) out of Corbeille (foaled April 25.)

ARVE, bay filly by Trent out of Isis (dam of Ouse, first foal) (foaled April 10).

AMAZON, brown filly by Trent out of Marchioness (foaled March 24).

CAM, brown filly by Trent out of The Nun (foaled May 6).

GRETA, chestnut filly by Wedmore out of Dart (foaled April 8).

LITTLE LIZZIE, bay filly by Vanderdecken out of Maiden Hair by Broomielaw out of Fern (dam of Rama) by Fernhill (foaled May 26).

STALLIONS.

PALADIN (1870), chestnut horse by Fitz-Roland (winner of the Two Thousand Guineas) out of Queen Bertha (winner of the Oaks, and dam of Spinaway, Wheel of Fortune, Queen's Messenger, &c., &c.) by Kingston, her dam Flax by Surprise out of Odessa by Sultan.

WEDMORE (1870), bay horse by Lord Clifden out of Theobala by Stockwell, her dam Forget Me Not by Hetman Platoff out of Oblivion by Jerry.

BROOD MARES.

ETOILE POLAIRE (late Tintern) (1871) by Lambton out of Etoile du Nord by Touchstone, her dam Pinch by St. Martin out of Margery by Voltaire; with colt foal by Wedmore, and served by Paladin, May 23.

SHANNON (1868) (winner of the Goodwood, Doncaster, and York Cups, beating Favonius, Mortemer, Gertrude, Agility, &c.) by Lambton out of The Mersey (dam of Trent) by Newminster, her dam Rigolette by Jerry; served by Springfield, April 16.

DART (1869) (dam of Lune, first foal, own sister to Shannon); with bay colt foal by Wedmore, and served by King Lud, April 25.

MARCHIONESS (1862) by Learington (sire of Parole) out of Espoir (dam of Brown Duchess) by Liverpool, her dam Esperance by Lapdog out of Grizette by Merlin; with filly foal by Trent, and served by Wedmore, April 16.

LIGHT DRUM (1870) (dam of Woodbridge and Merriment) by Rataplan out of Trinket by Touchwood, her dam Zisca by Prime Minister; with filly foal by Cœrœl, and served by Strathconan, March 2.

DEE (1874) by Blair Athol out of Kate Dayrell (dam of Adventure) by Wild Dayrell out of Kate by Auckland, her dam Gipsy Queen by Dr. Syntax; and served by Wild Oats, May 12.

SEINE (1873) by Gladiateur out of Penelope Plotwell (dam of Acorn) by Stockwell, her dam Slander by Pantaloons out of Pasquinade by Camel; with colt foal by Trent, and served by King of the Forest, April 24.

IRMA (1871) by Rataplan out of Hermione by Kingston, her dam Venus by Aranadis out of Aurora by Sandbeck; with filly foal by Cœrœl, and served by him again, May 23.

ISIS (1869) (dam of Ouse, first foal) by Loiterer out of Tingle (granddam of Modena) by Slane out of Vibration by Sir Hercules out of Echo by Emilius; with colt foal by Trent, and served by Wedmore, May 31.

THE NUN (1873) by The Palmer out of Baliverne by Womersley, her dam Battuglia by Melbourne out of Black Bess by Cœnus; with filly foal by Wedmore, and served by Paladin, May 23.

REVEILLON (1873) by Cambuscan out of Media Noce by Weatherhit, her dam Reflection by Mus out of Prism by Camel; served by Wedmore, May 14.

CORBEILLE (1863) (dam of Rhine) by Newminster out of Trouseau (Fichu's dam) by Gameboy, her dam Bridal by Bay Middleton out of Golden Pen by Whalebone; served by Paladin and Wedmore, last by Wedmore, April 7.

MARIE GALANTE (1874) by Adventurer out of Guadaloupe by Neptuneus, her dam Curacao (dam of Marchino, &c.) by The Cure out of

Tasmania (Leolinus's dam) by Melbourne, with filly foal by Merry Sunshine; served by him again, April 28.

NEWMARKET.

To be SOLD by AUCTION by Messrs. TATTERSALL, in the Park Paddocks, Newmarket, on TUESDAY Afternoon, July 1, the following BROOD MARES and FOALS, the property of the Executrix of the late W. D. Washborough, Esq.

CAUBLE (1863), by Loup-Garou, her dam Birthday (dam of Lupellus, Lupus, &c.) by Pantaloons out of Honoria by Camel, with a filly foal by Vespaian, and covered by him again.

ZELICA (1863), (dam of Pero, Leith, &c.), by Cavendish, her dam by Grecian out of Lucretia by St. Francis—Celia by Touchstone, with a chestnut filly by Victorian and covered by Vespaian.

HOPBLOSSOM (1836), dam of Repeal, Ernest, &c., by Windhund out of Hopbine by Sir Hercules out of Sylph, with a brown filly foal by Couronne-de-Fer.

PRIG (1874), by Lord Lyon out of Cundie; covered by Julius.

The following well-bred Brood Mares and Foals, the property of Gentleman.

TIT (foaled 1870) by Y. Birdcatcher out of Tell Tale by Newminster out of Peach by Alarm, with a good colt foal by Stratheconan, and covered by Plebian.

SONATA (foaled 1870) by Costa out of Clotilde by Touchstone, with a good colt foal by Plebian, and covered by him again.

PRINETTE (foaled 1870) by Robin Hood or Wild Dayrell, her dam Christiana by Nutwith out of Lady Sale by Muley Moloch; covered by Pero Gomez.

Both the colt foals are particularly good. The property of a Gentleman.

FREAK by Kingston out of Frolic by Touchstone with a colt at foot (own brother to Royal) by Kingcraft, and covered again by Queen's Messenger. To be seen at Heath House, Paddock, Newmarket.

With their engagements, the Finstall Yearlings, the property of W. E. Everitt, Esq.

HEARTSEASE, bay filly by Pirate King out of Love Letter (dam of Cartel) by Ethelbert, her dam Postage by Orlando out of Stamp, by Emelius (foaled Jan. 18).

HONORINE, brown filly by Paul Jones out of Matchless by Stockwell, her dam England's Beauty (dam of the Rake) by Birdcatcher out of Prairie Bird by Touchstone (foaled May 4).

HEPHZIBHA, bay filly by Paul Jones out of Belle of Hooton by Stockwell out of Bessie Bell by Touchstone, her dam Marian, by St. Martin out of Rebecca by Lottery (foaled March 22).

HESTIA, bay filly by Cardinal York out of Laura (dam of Whitebait, Clara, Celosia, Don Carlos, and Gravity) by Lambton out of Robia by Orestes, her dam Clarihel by Touchstone (foaled April 18).

HATTERACK, brown colt by Pirate King out of Christmas Fare (dam of Windfall and other winners) by Plum Pudding, her dam Linda by Teddington, granddam by The Tulip out of Tintoretto by Rubens (foaled January 19).

HOTSPUR, chestnut colt by Cardinal York out of Scintilla (dam of Paul's Cray and sister to Idalia the dam of Cyprus) by Thunderbolt out of Dulcibella (winner of the Cesarewitch) by Voltigeur, her dam Priestess by The Doctor out of Biddy by Bram (foaled May 22).

HALFLIDE, brown colt by Paul Jones out of Savoir Vivre by Wild Dayrell, her dam Sagacity by Theon, granddam by Waneton out of Beatrice by Blacklock (foaled February 22).

HORSE GUARD, brown colt by Paul Jones out of Ethel Blair (dam of Gendarme) by Blair Athol out of Barbara by Barbatus, her dam Flutter by Alarm out of Little Finch by Hornsea, first foal (foaled January 7).

HIGHNESS, bay colt by Cardinal York out of Corybantica (dam of Deacon, Hilda, and Eminence) by Fandango out of Victoria (sister to West Australian) by Melbourne, her dam Mowerina by Touchstone out of Emma by Whisker (foaled May 1).

HAVOC, bay colt by Cardinal York out of Nanny Thormanby (dam of Bird in the Air and Ida Thormanby) by Thormanby out of Little Nan by Mickey Free, her dam British Queen by Touchstone (foaled April 5).

HERETIC, bay bolt by Cardinal York out of Vicar's Daughter (dam by Filibuster) by Surprise out of My Niece (dam of The Drummer) by Cowl, her dam Vanity by Camel out of Vat by Langar out of Wire (sister to Whobone) (foaled February 7).

HIPPOGRIFF, bay colt by Cardinal York out of Hirondelle by Macaroni out of Philomel by The Flying Dutchman, her dam British Queen, by Coronation, granddam by Laurel out of Flight by Velocipede (foaled January 30).

HURRICANE, bay colt by Typhonius out of Patronage by Prime Minister out of Rigolboche (dam of Cremorne) by Rataplan (foaled March 28).

HUMADRYAD, bay filly by Paul Jones out of Mulberry (dam of Batsford, Ambassador, Corydalus, and Delicacy) by Beadsman out of Strawberry by the Flying Dutchman, her dam British Queen by Coronation (foaled January 30).

N.B.—Pirate King is by Paul Jones out of Mulberry by Beadsman. He is brother to Corydalus, but he was never trained.

The yearlings will stand at Park Paddocks.

NEWMARKET.

To be SOLD by AUCTION by Messrs. TATTERSALL, in the PARK PADDOCKS, NEWMARKET, on WEDNESDAY Afternoon, July 2nd, the following YEARLINGS (unless previously disposed of by private contract), the property of H. Chaplin, Esq., M.P.

BROWN COLT (brother to Khabara) by Hermit out of Sultana by Rataplan.

CHESTNUT COLT by Hermit out of Mrs. Quickly (dam of Green Sleeves, Red Cross Knight, &c.) by Longbow.

BAY COLT by Hermit out of Stray Shot by Texopholus (first foal).

BAY COLT by Thunderbolt out of Chanoinesse (dam of Pope Joan) by Newminster.

BAY COLT (brother to Witchery) by Wenlock out of Christabelle by Fernhill.

BROWN COLT by Rosicrucian out of Florence by Vespaian (first foal).

BAY FILLY by Hermit out of Salamanca (dam of Pero Gomez) by Student.

BLACK FILLY by Hermit out of Barchettina (dam of Charon, The Abbot, &c.) by Pelion.

BAY FILLY by Hermit out of Romping Girl (dam of Lancaster) by Wild Dayrell.

CHESTNUT FILLY by Hermit, dam by Young Melbourne out of Anonyma by Stockwell (first foal).

BAY FILLY by Hermit out of Melody (dam of Paganini, &c.) by Peppermint.

CHESTNUT FILLY by Thunderbolt out of Hazeldean by Cathedral (first foal).

BAY FILLY by Broomielaw out of Mrs. Wood (dam of Tabernacle by Y. Melbourne).

BAY FILLY by Wenlock out of Red Tape by Rataplan.

The reserve price, if any, on any of the above will be stated in each case when the lot is offered for sale.

NEWMARKET.

To be SOLD by AUCTION by Messrs. TATTERSALL, in the PARK PADDOCKS, NEWMARKET, on WEDNESDAY, July 2nd, the following BROOD MARES, the property of H. Chaplin, Esq., M.P.

CHELIETTINA (foaled 1860) (dam of Charon), by Pelion out of Cymbo-Skiff, by Sheet Anchor.

ROMPING GIRL (foaled 1861) (dam of Lancaster) by Wild Dayrell out of Gay, by Melbourne—Princess Alice, by Liverpool.

SULTANA (foaled 1863), (dam of Khabara) by Rataplan out of Beauty by Lanercost—Cytherea by Camel.

MRS. QUICKLY (foaled 1857), (dam of Green Sleeves) by Longbow out of Venus.

BAB AT THE BOWSTER (foaled 1857) by Annandale out of Queen Mary.

KALLU (foaled 1875, by Wenlock out of Maid of Palmyra (dam of Viridis and granddam of Springfield).

CERISE (foaled 1865), by The Marquis out of Athol Brose (dam of Monquetaine) by Orlando—Haggis by Bay Middleton.

All the above are covered by Hermit.

If there be a reserve on any of the above it will be set when the lot is offered for sale, but will in no case exceed £500.

At Park Paddocks, Newmarket, to the July Meeting, to pay expense.

BLACK FILLY, 2 yrs old, by Cambuslang out of Lady Superior by Caterer her dam Penance by The Flying Dutchman out of Rosary by Touehstone-worn untried.

NEWMARKET.

To be SOLD by AUCTION by Messrs. TATTERSALL, in the Park Paddocks, Newmarket, on WEDNESDAY Afternoon, July 2, at Six o'clock precisely, the following YEARLINGS, the property of Russell Swanwick, Esq., Cirencester:

CHESTNUT FILLY by Macaroni out of Currer Bell by See Saw out of Jane Eyre (Broadside's dam) by Stockwell out of Governess (winner of the Oaks) by Chatham (foaled May 13).

CHESTNUT COLT by King Lud out of Pampluna by The Palmer out of Catalonia by Lord Clifden, her dam Tarragona by Orlando out of Barcelona by John (foaled May 13).

CHESTNUT FILLY by Lord Lyon out of Legatee by See Saw out of My Louisa (dam of Illico) by Saccharometer out of Birdlime by West Australian, her dam by Birdcatcher out of Mickleton Maid by Velocipede (foaled March 1).

YEARLINGS, THE PROPERTY OF HENRY WARING, ESQ.

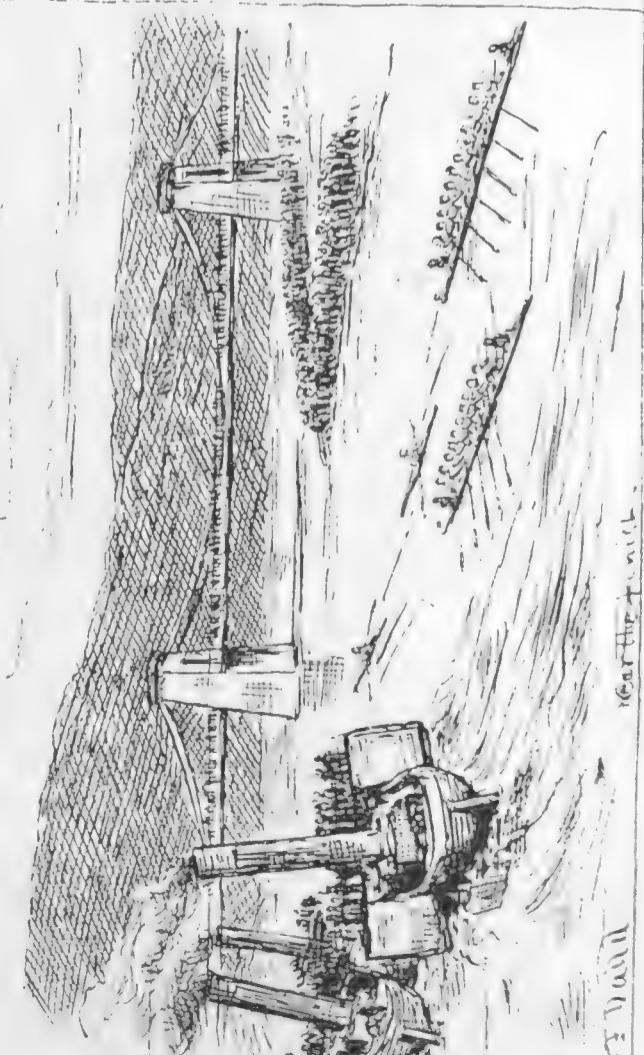
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Looking towards Cromerstrong Works and King's Headow Island from Scouswood Haughs.
Hanlan and Elliott came up by one side of the island and the steamers by the other.



The finish



RACE BETWEEN HANLAN AND ELLIOTT AT NEWCASTLE.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

B. AND D.—We fancy both are due to a saying older than either Shakespeare's or the French poet's works. Shakespeare was born in 1564. Jean Bertant died in 1611, aged fifty-nine. We print the parallel passages you have copied for others to read.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.—*Shakespeare*.

Men's wrongs alone in mind we bear;

Ingratitude is everywhere:

Their injuries we in metal grave,

And write their kindness in the wave.

—*Jean Bertant (translated)*.

M.—Once more, declined with thanks. If such an opportunity should arise we will not forget you, but it probably will not arise. Your request recalls the following pathetic lines written by Tom Hood, on the departure of a lady for India:—

Go, where the tiger in the darkness prowleth,

Making a midnight meal of me, or she,

Go where the lion in his hunger hawleth,

And think of me!

The lady was also requested to go where the cook was a currier, and the mosquito a worrier, that she might still think of him.

HENRY WEST.—Miss Amy Burnette was born in London. She was on the stage before 1871, but we cannot tell you when or where she made her first appearance, nor what her age is.

A. F.—Pratinas was the author of fifty tragedies. He was a Peloponnesian, and the successor of Thespis. The passage occurs in one of the comedies of Epicharmas, in which a man of obscure origin replying to an old woman proud of her noble ancestry, says:—

Good gossip, if you love me, prate no more:

What are your genealogies to me?

Away, to those who have more need of them!

Let the degenerate wretches, if they can,

Dig up dead honour from their fathers' tombs

And boast it for their own—vain, empty boast!

When every common fellow that they meet,

If accident hath not cut off the scroll

Can show a list of ancestry as long.

You call the Scythians barbarous, and despise them;

Yet Anacharsis was a Scythian born;

And every man of a like noble nature,

Though he were moulded from an *Ethiop*'s loins,

Is nobler than your pedagogues can make him.

ILLISTRION.—Miracle or Religious plays were well known here in the twelfth century. They were usually composed by the priests, and played by themselves and their scholars. They were generally devoted to the lives of the saints, or incidents of Scripture history. At the same time—according to the old chroniclers—secular plays existed of a coarse, comic nature, in which rude dialogue, with instrumental music, singing, dancing, gesticulations, mimicry, and other arts of raising laughter, without much regard to decency, were practised. Those who played them, minstrels, singers, dancers, wrestlers, and fighting-men, strolled from place to place, and were generally to be found in the rear of a royal court when it moved from town to town, and at the castles of the great on festive occasions.

GAETTY.—1. How long, or how often, Molére was in prison is not, we believe, known. He was seized for money due to the tradesman who supplied the theatre with candles, and committed to the Châtelet on, or a little before, the 2nd of August, 1645. 2. The circumstances of his death have been variously stated.

S. E.—Mr. Bandmann translated a story called "The Stroller," by the eminent Hungarian novelist, Gyulai, and published it as his own in one of the magazines, we forget which. The *Athenaeum* pointed out that it was translated from a German translation of the original in the "Universal Bibliothek," published by Philip Reclam, in Leipzig.

A POOR PLAYER.—It has been done. Mr. F. Medex took the trouble to collect and compare from public records police cases showing the number of actors and clergymen who had been legally convicted of crimes, from January, 1870, to October, 1877. Adding them up in two parallel columns, the total at the bottom of the actors' column was six, that of the clergymen one hundred and eleven. If the moral standing of the two professions may be fairly and logically judged by such a statistical test, the stage comes off gloriously triumphant, but we are not quite sure about the *ij.*

E. A. V.—An admirable paper on that subject, scholarly, thoughtful, and practical, was read by Mr. Edward Rose, before a meeting of one of the societies in February, 1877. It was printed, but we cannot tell you when or where it was published, if its circulation was not merely a private one.

2. There was a theatre in Richmond at the commencement of this century. H. P. SHERIDAN.—1. *Charles I.* was written by Mr. W. G. Wills, the author of *Olivia*, *Jane Shore*, and many most successful pieces. As a writer of dialogue he is second to no dramatist of the age, but in the construction of his plays are frequently weak. 2. We are not aware that the person you name has a husband.

VETERINARIAN.

H. G.—Your retriever is retaining her first teeth two or three months longer than usual. However, never mind, do nothing and all will come right. There are plenty of such cases.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROUND ROBIN.—The Anglo-Normans wore long hair, but they had a strong aversion to beards. To wear the beard was with them an indication of the deepest distress and misery. They not only shaved themselves, but generally compelled all who were in immediate contact with them to shave also. The Anglo-Saxons were, on the contrary, a bearded race, and nothing was considered more degrading to them than was that seemingly wanton act of tyranny performed by the Conqueror when he compelled them to shave.

L. H.—The palace at Westminster was built by Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, a descendant of the Emperor Charlemagne. When occupied in the reign of John, by the Archbishop of York, Walter de Grey, it was known as York-place, and continued to be so-called until Cardinal Wolsey alienated it to King Henry VIII., when it received the new designation of Whitehall.

G. B.—1. In 1801 the number of inhabited houses in Essex was estimated at 38,407, and in Warwickshire at 40,258. 2. The reply would be long, would interest no one but yourself, and could not in fairness occupy space belonging to the whole of our readers. We are always glad to give answers of more or less general interest, but not those of exclusively personal and private interest. We strive to make every part of our paper readable.

A FRENCH STUDENT.—Fresnay Vaugueux lived in the time of Henry IV., the first of the Bourbons. His "Foresterie" was written at a very early age. He was born in 1553, belonged to an old Norman family, and some of his ancestors came to England with the Conqueror. He died in 1606.

HISTORIAN.—The ordeal by fire and water was abolished in 1261.

L.—Nonsense! The Russians made their first attempt to take Constantinople in 864, not 1854.

MINISTER.—We reply as Joannes Scotus replied to Charles the Bald, when that ancient monarch jeeringly asked him, as he sat opposite, what was the difference between a Scot and a sot. "Only the breadth of the table."

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1879.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH RACEHORSES.

IN the present satisfactory state of racing relations between England and France nothing can be more pleasurable or profitable than an interchange of opinions and experiences relative to the breeding and rearing of the animals destined so continually to meet in opposition on the turf, and so frequently with disastrous results to the once highly-vaunted superiority of the British racehorse. By this time, however, and more especially since the day when Gladiator avenged Waterloo, we have become pretty well used to defeat at the hands of the once despised Gaul; and, sooth to say, we have taken our licking, for the most part, like men, and a series of defeats has had the effect rather of inducing us to seek out and inquire into the causes of the same than of fostering jealousy and suspicion in the national breast. Despite the fact that on every occasion of an important reverse at the hands of *la belle France* some of our countrymen are found to cry out lustily for protection on the turf, and to bring all sorts of accusations of double dealing against the rival we have invited to participate in our national sport, it may fairly be alleged that, in our cooler moments, we scout the unworthy insinuations made against the impulsive "foreigner," who has had to bear accusations of such a nature as to make us ashamed of their utterance after the storm of indignation at "another French victory" has passed over. Naturally turning from effects to causes, we are led to inquire how this change in the accepted order of things has been brought about; and it is worth while diligently to set ourselves to work, and to ascertain how we may best utilise the tactics which have enabled the enemy to meet us so successfully in the gate. It will not do to fold arms passively, and calmly to accept the situation; and chivalrously as we may welcome foreign horses to our racecourses, we are fairly entitled to seek information concerning the preparation of the feather from our own wing with which they have armed the shaft destined for the humiliation of perfidious Albion. The above thoughts have been suggested to us by a conversation lately held with an Englishman of experience and intelligence at present engaged in the superintendence of one of the principal stud farms across the Channel, and who may be said to have engrafted, in some measure, French upon English notions. He may be held, therefore, to speak with authority, and to adduce, not the wild visions of theory, but the solid result of practice to bear upon the questions of breeding, feeding, and general education of young thoroughbreds in the land of his adoption. It will not, we presume, be attempted to be denied that the French have of late years produced many better stayers on the Turf in proportion to the horses owned and bred by them than we can boast of in this country. We are perfectly ready to believe that a different system of training, and it may be also different regulations as to the age at which two-year-olds are first allowed to sport silk, may be held accountable for the superiority in staying powers evinced by these champions. Nor are we going to lose sight of the important fact that their best performers are, as a matter of course, sent to compete in this country, and that we therefore see only the bright side of the medal here, without taking account of its reverse. But we may nevertheless be allowed to commit ourselves to the opinion that neither the course of preparation for races in vogue in France nor the postponement of two-year-old racing until August, nor the reservation of the flower of their thoroughbreds for the richer stakes to be won in this country, are singly or collectively responsible for the results of which we are continually having bitter experience.

In the course of the conversation above alluded to, the point of "bone" was incidentally touched upon, and the opinion of our informant, based upon personal experience

and observation, was that this highly important item in the composition of a thoroughbred was decidedly more highly developed in French horses than our own. Climate and soil, it was admitted, might have some slight share in its development, but it was hinted that much might be due to subsequent feeding and by encouragement towards development by exercise in foalhood and yearling days. The expression of this idea struck the key-note of "information received" not long since from one of our highest authorities on training in England, to the effect that "bone" was absolutely necessary to enable a horse to compass long distances, and that the majority of home-bred horses were lamentably deficient in this first necessary qualification for a candidate for distinction in Cup and other long races. How it may be acquired was pretty clearly intimated by our first informant, who was inclined to think that hard food and exercise were the chief constituents of "bone," and pointed out the difference which exists between the English and French methods of "teaching the young idea" how to gallop, as well as of administering to the requirements of the stomach. Soft food and small paddocks might, said our informant, be means to the end of early precocity, but he contended that the system pursued in France was the only sensible and successful one, viz., that of giving hard food at an early age, and of encouraging long and strong gallops in large enclosures during the period of probation preceding the commencement of training. In England we do, indeed, enlarge our racer tyros, but mostly in small enclosures, where, in many cases, absolute want of galloping space at once sets their occupants "larking," idling, and ultimately fighting and sparring (if colts), instead of stretching their limbs to the utmost in the mimic struggle for supremacy.

"In France," to use the expressive words of our informant, "one of our exercise paddocks is often as large as the whole of an English stud farm;" and there the yearlings, when enlarged, often gallop about for an hour or more, but whether *proprio motu* deponent sayeth not, and we have heard of such things as artificial incentives to strong exercise being used at other haras across the Channel, reminding us of the story told by the "Druid" about Underhand, and how his groom "set the greyhounds on him reg'lär." But whatever may be the inducements to gallop, and however strange they may appear to English eyes and ears, there can be little doubt of the efficiency of these artificial aids to the development of bone, while by this means the inside of the animal is also kept clean and free from fat, which brings us to the question of food, to which we have previously alluded, but must defer a further consideration of the subject until next week. In the meantime we may fairly submit to English breeders the query, how far it may be expedient to extend the limited area of too many of their exercise paddocks, in which it is the custom at present to "cabin, crib, confine" young blood stock, more after the fashion of cattle intended for the butcher than of future candidates for distinction as equine athletes. We think there is much sense and reason in the argument that strong exercise early in life tends to the production and development of staying power, by preventing accumulations of adipose tissue, and giving tone to the muscles, which otherwise would grow flaccid and incapable of continued action. Above all, nothing can compare with strong exercise for keeping under that mischievous disposition common to all young creatures, and which speedily develops into vice or cowardice if permitted to run riot. The fatigue engendered by regular games of romps speedily extinguishes all inclination to habits of idling and mischief, and is fully as beneficial in the case of the embryo racer as in that of the order of beings above the brute creation.

ROBERT EUDE,

A STORY OF THE MIDDLE AGES IN ENGLAND.

By A. H. WALL.

PART TWO.

CONCERNING THE REBELLION OF KING HENRY THE YOUNGER.

CHAPTER VI. (continued).

AND when the hardy Breedlings and Fenslodgers of Kesteven heard how Robin Eude served the spy it made great sport for them. Exulting in the skill and boldness of so small a Bowman, they spread the merry anecdote with no little additions and exaggerations all through the Fens. So the story travelled to Lincoln, and went with some through old Sherwood to Nottingham, constantly growing. But first it got to the neighbouring Aibley of Croylund, in the Minster of which stood the miracel-working tomb of the great patriot, saint and martyr, Waltheof, Earl of Huntingdon, before which—as was said—the lame had been made to walk, the blind to see, and the hopelessly sick had been well. To this day fresh air and exercise work miracles. There the monks made merry over it, and told it to the pilgrims in the hostrey or guest-hall, describing Robin Eude as a young kinsman to the saint. The pilgrims, coming and going, from all parts also noised it abroad, so that before the winter was over scarcely a fireside in England had not heard with laughter and applause the story of Robin Eude and the pedlar. Then the wandering minstrels got hold of it and sang it, and the strolling players rudely acted it, and thus early Robin began to earn that wonderful reputation which echoed through successive centuries and reached faintly that in which we live.

At Colchester the burghers told it with much glee, remembering how Robert Eude was a great grandson of Eude Dapifer, their first Norman governor. It travelled across the sea to Rouen, where the Earl of Preaux's Norman liegemen, hearing it, looked forward eagerly to the probability of seeing its young hero when William next crossed the channel from England.

CHAPTER VII.

A CHIVALROUS RIDE WITH AN AWFUL ENDING.

Yow on shall go early balyant knight and squire,

That lobes his God, and holds his honour dear,

And boily doth the bliss of Heaven desire.

But dribellers, shukling at their heartys for fear

Keep far away: such deem I blind indeed,

Chat surcon neit their God when he hath ned,

And for so little lose their glory here.—

Thibaut, King of Navarre (13th century).

Brown with fog, the darkness of a winter afternoon of sluggish thaw and rain is fast closing in above the far-stretching

marshes and fens. A ghastly light gleams dimly in the meres, and reaches of the river, and is caught on the steel caps and spear-tops of a little body of horsemen, who pick their cautious way towards Kyme, their cloaks noisily flapping in the keen bone-piercing wind, their bridles jingling, and their weapons clashing against coats of mail.

"It darkens fast," says one shivering rider.

"And this," remarks another, "is English Hereward's land. 'Tis said his ghost rides over the bleak wastes on stormy nights a gigantic shadow on a mighty horse, with monster hounds, all black at midnight, to the wild blowing of unearthly horns."

"Boding ill to Norman wanderers—runs it not so?" asks the leader, with a laugh.

"Aye, so the English say."

"'Tis an old tale, found in all lands. I have seen dark storm-clouds in the misty gloom of many a winter evening drift along the horizon in forms like monster hounds following mounted huntsmen, and in the howling of wolves, which abound here in the Fens, fancied I heard their horns. It is but fancy." So says he who leads the little clumps of spears, Squire Hugh, of Newell, trying hard to believe his own words as he pulls his foul-weather hood well over his face.

One and the other glances apprehensively around, and each, moved by one impulse, hastens his pace. The flapping of cloaks and dull beating of hoofs with the jingling and clashing succeeds to the sounds of voices until

"Talking of wolves," says a man-at-arms in the rear, "I would have you cautious of covered pits which the husbandmen (carles he called them) hereabout dig to trap them."

Once more they slacken their pace.

"Was it not here that in the first Henry's time Sir Hugh Barde slew the dragon?" presently asks another.

"Nay, that was yonder, over by the Carls-town, out there."

Silence again, until one cries, "Hark! was that a wolf's bark?"

"'Twas more like the sound of some herdsman's cow-horn."

"Then, maybe, we are nearing Kyme?"

"The saints be thanked!"

So they ride drearily on, pursued by images of gigantic Saxon ghosts, clamorous for Norman blood, of fiery dragons and packs of hungry wolves galloping on their scent.

At last, uprising as it were between the grey horizon and the long straight line of the black fen, comes a straggling row of rude stone crosses marking some monastery's boundary line. Passing them, a distant cluster of low buildings rises gradually into sight, above which, black against a shaft of sickly light, a huge sword-blade, gleaming coldly through the foggy gloom, they mark the outlines of a tower, pointing to which the leader, with a sigh of relief, exclaims, "Kyme at last!" Anon, hearing the dogs barking and the warder's note of warning, they reach the foot of the slight ascent upon which, lofty and dark, stands Robin Eude's new home, the castle of Kyme, or Richmond.

Only Squire Hugh is permitted to cross the drawbridge, which is up again before they raise the portcullis to admit him into the castle. But the bridge soon once more descends, and the rest of the weary horsemen, ten in number, men and beasts knowing that warmth and food and shelter are on the other side, ride fearfully over it.

While Hugh, a short, thick-set, muscular man, with dark red hair and keen watchful eyes, is divesting himself of his riding gear and enjoying wine and food, the Earl and his Countess, to whom he has brought a missive from Chicksand, are in council with Peter, the chaplain, and the Earl's old friend and brother-in-arms, Randle, Ralph, or Randolph, of Spittal Hill, a knight of great honour and bravery, who fought with the Lord of Looley all through the Civil War.

The missive brought by Squire Hugh ran thus:—

"To William, Earl of Preaux, and Joanna, his Countess, from their loving mother on earth, the Lady Roesia, at her nunnery of Chicksand.

"Know my dear daughter and son that, thanks be to God, I am in health well, but in mind sore troubled and distressed. There is with me a most holy woman from Essex, my dear friend Mary, Abbess of Barking Abbey, the sister of our beloved and reverent lord, Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury. She is weeping and distraught with fear of those who are now with the fierce De Brocs, at Saltwood, false knights, who have sacrilegiously vowed to slay her holy brother. In the name of God and the Church, for the cause of peace and concord, I have prayed my sons and all my friends to do what in them is for the protection of Thomas à Becket, and in like manner do I conjure you, oh! my son, by your oath of knighthood and your duty to God, to aid in the same pious service, and that, too, quickly, lest it should be too late. My lord the Archbishop is at Canterbury; there should his friends be—armed not against my liege lords the sovereigns of England, but for the Archbishop's protection against treachery and murder. Mary in the agony of her terror tells me the horrible Hugh de Moreville (of the city of death), he who boiled alive that handsome young Saxon whom his vile wife falsely—as was shown—accused of attempting her honour, is one of those newly arrived from Normandy to slay her brother, and that with him came Reginald, whom men say was born of a bear, so rude is he of speech and action, and that unhung parrot-like William de Tracy, and your old enemy Richard le Bret, who poisoned the King's ear against you in Brittany—all men of desperate inclinations and devoid of fear or conscience. I conjure you, my son, to be nigh them, and, if need be, stand between them and the awful crime they contemplate. I am going to the young King. Farewell."

After the reading of this letter, "My judgment halts," says Earl William, looking terribly perplexed.

"And well it may," adds Sir Randolph, equally bewildered by opposing desire and dread.

"It is all trouble, jeopardy, and vexation!" sighs the priest, despairingly.

But the graceful and stately Joanna, with a flush upon her cheek, and a flash of pride in her beautiful eyes, says, grandly—

"My husband is a sworn knight, sans fear or blemish! The way is straight and clear, dear lord. I pray you put aside all fears for me and mine, and you will doubt it not. Look only to the right. In a just quarrel, with a good conscience, no Christian knight pauses in fear of consequences which are in the hands of God."

Sir Randolph, casting a glance of apprehension and alarm towards the thoughtful Earl, cries, with eagerness:

"They will be terrible; the King's power is overwhelming, and he is pitiless to all who, even in seeming, lean to the cause of the Archbishop. Think of it, dear lady! think of your brave boy and the baby-girl!"

"We know it! None better. Yet I do not fear to give husband, home, and children into the arms of our Redeemer," says my lady, with a tremulous voice, tears in her eyes, and her white clasped hands pressed tightly to her bosom.

With a grave look of introspection, and speaking as it were only to himself, Earl Eude repeateth that portion from his oath of knighthood which says:—

"You dedicate this, your sword, to the cause of Heaven, praying that it may ever serve in the protection of the Church, widows, and orphans, and ALL THE SERVANTS OF GOD, that you may ever aid and maintain the Right, succour the destitute, honour all

ladies, love poor men, and be swift to punish all those who would wrong the widow and orphan, and, with all this, to love the Holy Church."

"It was my oath," adds Fitz-Eude, "and it must not be broken."

Then Lady Joanna falls upon her knees, weeping aloud, but whether in joy or fright it is hard to tell.

The priest speaks in terror, quickly, almost wildly: "My lord, these men are of the King's household; it would be madness to dare the anger of Henry—moreover it cannot be that any are so monstrously wicked as to slay, even in thought, the very head of the Church. The lady abbess and my lady's mother are deceived by their fears. I will pledge my life it is so!"

"If you had seen my mother where I have seen her, good priest, you would not say so," sadly replies my lady, thinking of the terrible scenes of terror and bloodshed in which Lady Roesia had played the part of leech, carefully binding up the most horrible wounds, and tending the dying in their last agonies with a strangely gentle patience, and a calmness speaking volumes for her courage and self-devotion.

"We will mount at daybreak, come what may," cries William, breaking from his reverie. "Wilt thou go, Randolph?"

"Aye. Is there time to get me measured for a coffin?" responds the knight gloomily. "If we return alive we shall not long have the price of one in our pouches. I would fain go to my grave like a Christian!"

"You shall not go to Canterbury unwillingly, Ralph!"

"But I will go unwillingly, William. From youth we have been sworn brothers, and whether fortune smile or frown, we will be sharers to the last. By daybreak, say you?"

"Aye, brother," says the earl lifting his weeping lady from her knees.

"Then I must get my men together—farewell."

It was Tuesday*, the 29th of December, when day once more broke cold and gray over the lonely woods and wastes. The wind blew keenly from the north-east; mingled rain and sleet was falling fast. A large body of men, armed *cap-a-pie*, had assembled within the castle walls of Kyme by five o'clock, and came out over the drawbridge an hour after, two and two, chattering, noisy, boastful, full of glee at the holiday prospect of danger and fighting implied in their riding forth, confident in their lord, and careless of the cause they fought in so that it was his.

The Countess and Robin bade the Earl adieu at the outer gate, her efforts to appear cheerful every moment on the eve of failure, her face white, her eyes swollen and inflamed. From head to heel he was in chain armour, his shield hanging from his neck, and otherwise heavily armed.

It was a long ride, and the day was well advanced when the Earl's troops reached the island Minster and Abbey of Croyland, and in its hostrey partook of rest and refreshment, creating no little stir and wonderment amongst the monks, and the surrounding labourers and farmers, serfs and fishermen, who crowded together to witness their departure.

They reached Peterborough in a heavy fall of hail and rain, and when they got to Cambridge the darkness was so intense that the men-at-arms declared it could be felt. They had barely obtained shelter for the night when such a tremendous storm of wind, hail, rain, and thunder broke forth that the bravest shrank in terror.

A memorable storm was that, not yet forgotten in English history—never to be forgotten.

At Cambridge Sir Hugh and his men quitted them, riding on to Newell's with letters for the Lady Roesia.

By that time the news had spread that Earl Eude and his knights at the head of a strong body of men-at-arms was riding in great haste through the country on some warlike errand of which no man knew but himself. And the sheriffs were warned to arm their troops and keep watch upon his movements, as the land was unquiet, and it was well known that Earl Eude favoured the cause of à Becket, who was dangerously popular with the Saxon Englishmen, as was the Earl himself.

Entering Kent, tidings of great horror met them by the way.

On the previous evening Thomas à Becket had been basely assassinated! With the white rochet he wore all torn and drenched with blood, his murderers had left him, prostrate and face downward, dead in a wide pool of blood, with his brains scattered over the marble pavement in front of the great altar in the deserted cathedral of Canterbury; while around its towers raged that hideous thunderstorm, the profound strangeness and darkness of which had so smitten the Earl's men with awe at Cambridge.

Appalled, William Eude and his knights called a halt, and then rode back with grief and horror into Lincolnshire, a fierce light burning in every eye, indignation as fierce in every heart.

Soon after, as the Earl expected, on the pretext that he was in arms against the King, who had issued warrants for the arrest of the Archbishop in Canterbury, William's estates in England were confiscated and he was banished from the country, thinking himself lucky to escape with life. In Normandy he heard with shame and indignation how the slaying of an unarmed unresisting priest in the house of God by four of the King's men, clad in mail, had been glorified, by the enemies of God and the people of England, into a deed worthy of praise!

CHAPTER VIII.

*Blindly they hurry on their debious track,
And dash on hidden rocks.*

HENRY OF HUNTINGDON.

The year eleven hundred and seventy-three finds England calm, peaceful, and prosperous, its all-conquering king on terms of amity with the Pope—after a nominal submission—strongly allied to the greatest Governments, and monarch of territories immenso in extent; finds Richard of Dover on the throne of à Becket, pious, learned, modest, unambitious, discouraging those who would set the power of the Church in antagonism to that of the Crown; finds the laws administered with less respect for persons and more for right and justice.

But the calm is deceitful. The King himself distrusts it, and a mysterious sense of approaching evil weighs uneasily upon the minds of the people.

As the winter approaches signs and portents appear, and men begin to draw auguries. Great floods arise, sweeping away trees and towers, isolating entire districts, and destroying, with all their inhabitants, low-lying villages and towns. Rumours of dreadful earthquakes come from abroad, one of which nearly destroyed the entire city of Catania. Strange noises and mysterious coloured lights are seen in the air. Strange diseases kill entire families, and in the depth of winter heavy peals of thunder are simultaneously heard in England, Ireland, and France.

The people, full of dread and terror, with significant head-shaking and gestures, say one to another, "It was just such thunder as this that terrified all England on the night when Saint Thomas à Becket was slain!"

* Tuesday was a memorable day in the life of Thomas à Becket. On that day he was born and baptised, on that day he escaped from Northampton, on that day quitted England, and six years after, on the same day, returned. On that Tuesday a Becket believed he would be slain.

And at Christmas, King Henry, with the younger King, his son, is with his family in Normandy, holding high festival within the great castle of Chinon, on the banks of the Vienne, where its mighty ruins may still be seen. Feasting in the great hall, King Henry, wine-cup in hand, drinks to the departing year exultingly and laughingly, telling how a certain strange old man, thin and tall, with yellow hair and a round tonsure, clad in white and bare of food, meeting him in the octave of Easter at Cardiff, in Wales, opened his mouth in prophecy and said:—

"Thou shalt hear tidings within the present year that henceforth thou shalt grieve even to the end of thy days!"

"And as he ceased speaking," said the King, "he disappeared;" and so they drank mockingly to the old year because it was nearly over and the new year would relieve King Henry's superstitious fear of the haunting ghost of that old Welsh prophet's wild, false words; for so they deemed them.

And yet ere that year was out those words were true.

(*To be continued.—Commenced in No. 276.*)

THE ST. ALBANS COACH.

A BRIGHT June morning (one of the few we have had this year), and we are standing on the steps of that time-honoured hostelry, the White Horse Cellars, Piccadilly, awaiting the arrival of the "Old Times," a coach which runs all the year round. As the coach pulls up in front of the Cellars, we have leisure to criticise the team which do the London ground. A useful bay mare in the off wheel, with a brown as her companion in the near wheel, and two bloodlike leaders, all on short legs, and of the true coaching sort, are the animals selected for the first stage. On inquiry below the old hostelry, where in the booking-office the brothers Banks reign supreme, we find that we are fortunate in having taken seats, as the "Old Times" is full. As the clock strikes eleven that well-known "knight of the double thong," Major Dixon, ascends to the box-seat, and, as the "All right!" is given, we start on our journey. Passing through Regent-street, Portland-place, and Baker-street, we reach St. John's Wood, where we pick up our last passengers, and, proceeding *via* the Swiss Cottage, at length reach the outskirts of the great city.

Proceeding by the main road, we reach our first stage at Finchley, where the London team gives place to three useful bays and a grey. Here the Major gives up the ribbons to Jem Selby, who up to the present has been fulfilling the duties of guard, and as the Fred Archer of the coaching world takes charge of us we feel that we are sitting behind, with one exception, the greatest whip in the world. With his broad-brimmed hat and good-humoured face, with a pleasant smile and nod for every one on the road, from the richest to the poorest, what wonder is it that Selby should be such a favourite? and as we pass the various little hamlets which lie between Finchley and St. Albans it is obvious to all that the before-mentioned curly-brimmed hat and laughing face is eagerly looked for by more than one of the fairer sex. Selby is especially favoured by patrons of coaching, and it matters not which day the *voyageur* may choose in the week for his trip, he is sure to find an efficient Jehu in command, and such names as Messrs. Secker, Wilson (who also drives the "Beckenham"), Romney (better known as "Doctor Ridge"), Major Dixon, Colonel Williams, and last, but not least, that thorough coachman, Mr. Hill, "always welcome on every road," are sure to find plenty of riders. Here the Major again assumes the command with a powerful blue roan and equally powerful bay as wheelers, and the two well-known leaders, Zulu and Oddity. Leaving South Mimms, with its picturesque little church, we proceed *via* Ridge Hill, Tittenhanger, and London Colney, and arrive at St. Albans at half-past one, the down journey having occupied two hours and a half. Two hours and a half are allowed here before the return journey is commenced, which gives the passengers an opportunity of visiting the world-famed Abbey, which, under the instructions of the late Sir Gilbert Scott, is being rapidly restored on its original lines. Leaving the old Cathedral city at four p.m. to the minute (for the Major, whether on a racecourse with red flag in hand or with the double thong at his favourite pastime, is always to time), we return to London by the same route, and arrive at the Cellars at half-past six, just as Ben Hubble, is bringing up the Boxhill coach with another load, and as we dismount from our several places we congratulate the Major on the way he has driven us, and Selby on the spirited manner in which he has started his coach, with every wish that he may have a good season and reap the reward of his well-deserved popularity.

T. M. E.

MILITARY ATHLETIC SPORTS AT HOUNSLOW.

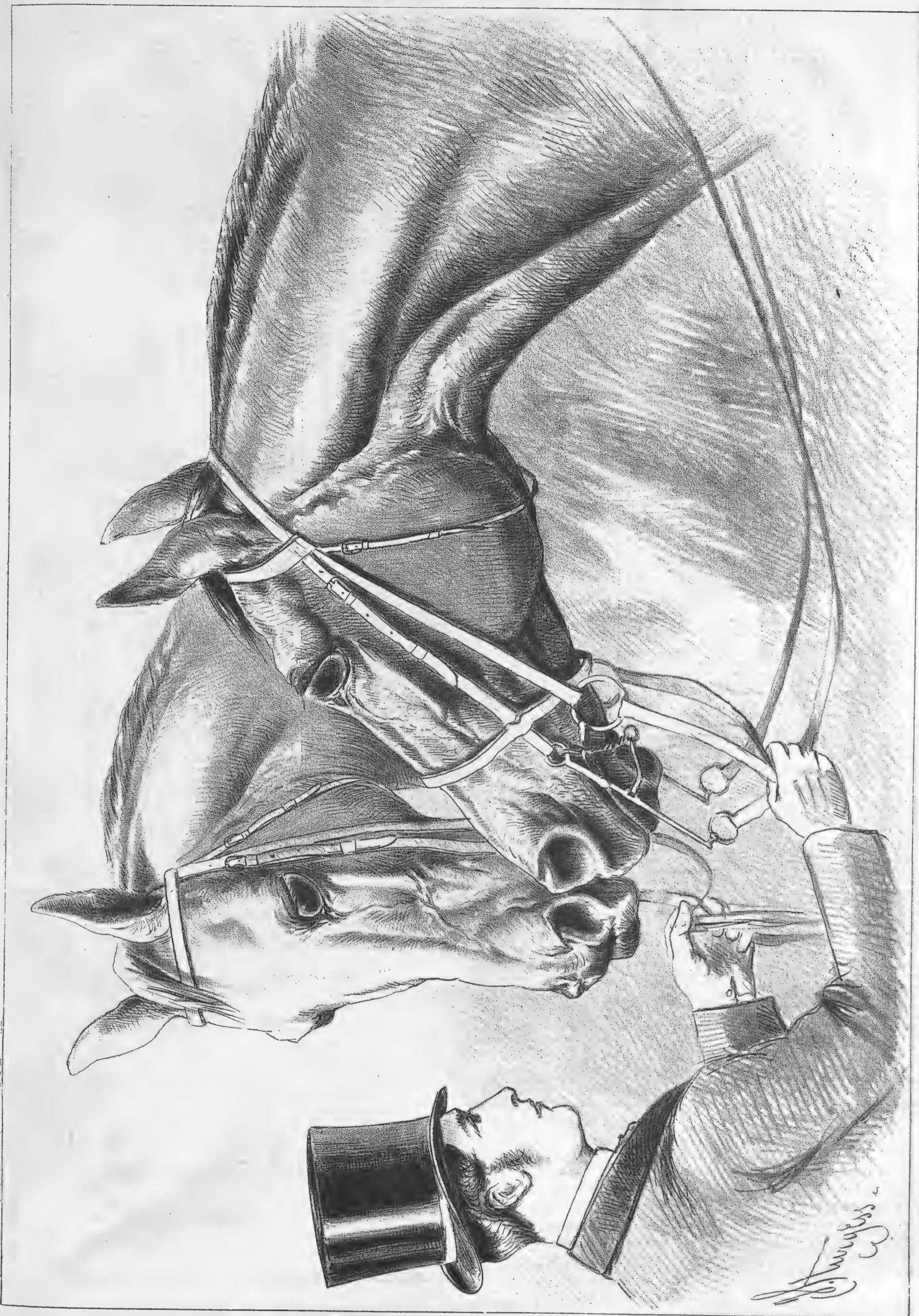
On Tuesday, the 17th inst., the athletic sports of the 18th Hussars came off at Hounslow. During the morning all the dismounted contests, such as boxing, fencing, running, and jumping, were decided. Then after a luncheon at the officers' mess, to which some two hundred visitors sat down, the programme of mounted events was gone into. "Heads-and-Posts" practice over jumps proved very interesting and amusing, though by an unfortunate fall of his horse one officer broke his collarbone. Sword *versus* Lance produced some exciting encounters, and on one occasion the struggle was changed from a mounted to a dismounted one; the swordsman being knocked off his horse by the lancer, managed to grasp the lance and drag it from his opponent's hand and threw it on the ground as a trap, for the unsuspecting lancer dismounted and stooped to pick up his lance, when he received such a cut on the head as would have cleft it to the neck had the weapon been a real sword. Tent-peggings by the officers formed one of the great features of the afternoon. The programme finished up with a "mélée," which was the most amusing and exciting contest of the day, and gave one a very good idea of a real cavalry encounter. Two parties were formed of twelve men each, armed with single-sticks—one party wearing on their masks a white cockade, the other a black one. At the signal they advanced from each end of the ground and met in the middle, where a terrific battle ensued, the victory finally resting with the side that succeeded in cutting off all its opponents' cockades. Each man on being shorn of his badge had to retire from the contest, counted as killed. The hospitality of the officers, the attractive programme, and the bright sun combined to make the day a most enjoyable one.

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SARAH BERNHARDT'S STUDIO.



CHAMPIONSHIP SCULLING MATCH.

FOLLOWING THE RACE.

As the hour of eleven is slowly booming from the great old steeple of St. Nicholas Church as the beautifully mellow tones of its bell, high up aloft, is telling the country round that there is but another hour to the great event of the day, I wend my way tortuously down to the banks of Old Father Tyne, as in the parlance we love to style the "giant" river of the North. Passing out of the shadow of the old church, where begins the steep descent to the waterside, I find myself one of myriads of my fellow-creatures bound simultaneously on the same errand. Down we go, thick struggling streams of

But I am now, in quicker time than it has taken me to traverse the same with a quill, come to the threshold of the stage of this, the greatest drama in the aquatic world. It is difficult for me to fulfil my mission of chronicling the acts therein for the pleasure of your readers and yet, as space demands, briefly. A first and last look, then, at that magnificent prince of bridges, called the "High Level," which towers at a lofty height from bank to bank, and is the glory of Tynesiders. It has graced the river at the busy Quayside for upwards of a quarter of a century. The river beneath it is divided by its tremendous arches into narrow passages. These are blocked by indescribable craft, which are steadily being filled by small boats clustering around, flying about like bees. Looking aloft, there is further evidence of the "thickening of the plot." Swarms of people, ant-like, are creeping along, outside the rails, and rapidly filling up the interstices—the roadway there is packed long ago, till finally nothing remains to be covered by these human ants. What a tremendous buzz of exciting murmur comes from them! Through the arches beneath is visible the swing bridge, whose outline seems disfigured and distorted by the extraordinary masses gathered thereon. Now back to this side of the "High Level Bridge" I light on the Referee's boat, which is to carry that awful personage, surrounded by members of the "Fourth Estate," and those who are inclined to pay in gold for the privilege of being first "in at the death." It is about half full as I climb over the gangway and steer for the bow of the boat, where, railed off, is a partition like a sheep-pen, inscribed "For Reporters." This "magic circle" is empty yet, and I mingle with the aquatic characters around the sages of the aquatic world. The score or so of steamers, together with the thousand and one craft, are continually converging towards our boat as we paddle round, and the occupants undergo a thorough and sustained scrutiny from goodness knows how many thousand eyes, naked and glassed. A slight commotion bespeaks the arrival of some important personages. The Press! Here they are, followed by their friends, English and American, and our little pen is soon as full as it can be comfortably, and fuller. Soon after the Referee himself comes on board—a little dark man, with kindly face, about forty-five, in black clothes and hat, and lilies of the valley in his buttonhole. Dr. Luke Armstrong is the famous aquatic umpire whose character for fairness and courtesy, and whose vast experience of Tyne boat races, fully justifies the extraordinary confidence that Tynesiders of all classes put in him. He cannot but feel that his is a tremendous responsibility, and we wonder at and admire the calm manner in which he goes instantly to his multifarious duties, and finally brings to a point his work for the start, awhile merry among the merriest with those all round him, or rather behind him, as his position is in the very prow of the boat. The Gateshead (our boat) is nearly full now, and we shall soon put off for the starting place. There is a goodly company of American and English notables on board. This stout, dark gentleman, whose silent, nonchalant air as he stands surveying the scene betokens his nationality is no less a one than Colonel Shaw, U.S. Consul for Manchester, and president of the Hanlan Club. He is not inclined to be talkative, yet there is no denying his gift of speech on the platform, where, in his own words, he does the "blowing" for Hanlan. Close to the funnel is a tremendous pitman, whose huge frame, high cheek bones, and wide mouth proclaim close relationship to the champion. He is Elliott's brother, and, it is said, has a large amount "on" him, whether through brotherly love or an unbiased conviction as to the result does not show. The Gateshead, overloaded with passengers, now puts off amid excitement. The actors in the approaching drama now launch into the arena as twelve strikes. Elliott, who a moment previously had been lounging on the wharf fronting the Mansion House, in every-day dress, hands in pockets, exchanging badinage in that queer phraseology which gives character to Northern speech, now comes out of his boat-house, accompanied by Taylor and a few select comrades, who launch his boat, the "England," seat him in it, and a cheer welcomes his advent. "A hearty cheer," quoth a reporter, making an entry in his note-book, but to me it seems far from cheerful. There is no hearty ring in those nervous ejaculations which pass for cheers. And the Referee seems to think the same. "Sorry for him. I would rather have the Union Jack under me than have it flying above me now, and I wish I was home, and that the business was over," said a well-known patriotic reporter. Strange to relate, immediately afterwards the tide of opinion was singularly changed by a small incident. Thuswise: Elliott had bet a man a level hundred that victory would be his. This gentleman now came up to the *Chronicle* representative in the bows of our boat, and, with an exceedingly pale face, begged the latter, who was stakeholder, to get the bet cancelled. The gentleman signalled to Elliott, who was sculling about. The sculler came alongside, and was told that the wagerer of the hundred pounds against him had cried off. The Blyth man smiled blithely and declared himself satisfied, adding in his own characteristic way, "Awl tak 3 to 1 on mysel' awl the way," and, then wheeling round, he pulled briskly away amid enthusiastic cheering. Hanlan, meanwhile, had been paddling around, and was also loudly cheered. We, in the Press quarter, are getting ready our watches, note-books,

etc., as the time of start approaches. Now the stake boats are moored opposite the Mansion House, and we take up a position close behind; the phalanx of the accompanying fleets of craft edge up as well. The hum of excitement grows louder as each champion wheels round to his stake boat, and one question is settled: Elliott has won the toss, and chosen the inside or Northern course, which is a good beginning anyhow. They "peel" now amidst silence. Hanlan divesting himself of his outer covering shows the pretty violet costume, that has so often charmed the fair sex who have seen him victor. The coolness and ease of his movements seems extraordinary when you consider what is before him. He looks like a man who has been accustomed to hold himself well in hand. There is not a quiver, or useless movement, as is generally the case with young blood in a great match, to be seen in his graceful yet wiry and muscular form—all is calm, collected about him, and though small beside his gigantic rival, he looks a rower every inch of him. He takes a drink from a whiskey bottle. Elliott has stripped off everything save a pair of grey drawers. Confidence revives in us as we scrutinise for the last moment his stalwart frame, sturdy, muscular limbs, and note his resolute, confident bearing. His skin looks perfection as the sun shines on his brawny arms and legs. Truly a scene worth remembering. Under the iron grey sky, with just a streak of sun shining through a rift in the clouds—the smooth broad surface of the old river almost surrounded by spectators *en masse*, bearing on its surface a huge flotilla, just behind the two heroes of the hour. Hanlan, champion of America; virtually unconquered, the favourite of the populace, the terror of the river—a model of a scientific sculler, and the picture of perfect self-control. He leans forward, grasping his sculls, motionless; like a hawk he watches his rival. Elliott, champion of England; fine, strong, and of iron, in limb and temper—a man after England's own heart as an oarsman, who has won his way to this proud position by heroic struggle, like a great war-horse brimming over with nervous strength, and trembling to begin the fray. Steady, Elliott! he has made two false starts—wait for your opponent, then strike hard and deep for the honour of dear England.

"There! THEY'RE OFF!" Ay, away they go at last at a quarter past noon, and the breathless silence all around is broken by such tumultuous excitement as is rarely heard anywhere. Amid deafening shouts the "two giants" engage in their tremendous conflict. The Canadian has caught first water, and away he flies with all his strength, away ahead of the Englishman, who appears flurried as he dashes his sculls into the glassy water and simply tears them through in any fashion. We all painfully observe the rocking of his boat which takes the edge off the fine speed he has on the "England." Our boat loses ground as anticipated, and our view gets less distinct. However, soon the shout goes up that Elliott is steadyng, and yet not relaxing a jot of his tremendous exertions—a length behind. Both men were trying their hardest to obtain the lead at this early portion of the race. It was a grand sight now. Behind us, a tornado of excitement from Swing Bridge, High Level, and flotilla raged along as a fire does in a prairie on the opposite banks of massed multitudes, as Hector and Achilles continue their terrific struggle. Along the splendid sheet of water leading to Redheugh-bridge the Canadian still leads by half a length, but Elliott is himself again, and his tremendous efforts are bringing him up to the "Toronto," and now actually he draws ahead a few feet, driving the concourse wild with enthusiasm. For one brief moment, however, are the sweets of triumph realised. Hanlan doubling himself till his legs come above his armpits, and shooting back with all his power, sends his boat forward at an enormous speed, and clears his opponent's craft. Repeating this magnificent stroke, which eclipses all his former performances, the "Toronto" leaves the "England" far in the rear. When he had gone what he judged to be far enough he eased, and looked over his shoulder, reminding beholders of his tussle with Hawdon, and with one voice they said "It's all over now!" The hubbub subsided, and the silence as we went on contrasted curiously with the deafening shouts we had left behind us. The Americans preserved their usual solidity of demeanour, though they certainly did not look as gloomy as the Englishmen. Through the Redheugh-bridge our watches showed the splendid time of 2min 35sec, which is 65sec less than the time in the Hanlan-Hawdon match. Through we go following, the two specks on the water growing more indistinct as our heavily-laden steamer loses ground, and the larger boats plough along past us. We can still see that Elliott is maintaining his truly magnificent struggle, his every muscle working, his face set, earnest and determined, and the "England" making such progress as is seldom seen. One cannot help feeling pity, fighting so gamely for his country's honour undismayed at the merciless ease with which the Canadian not only holds him, but runs away when he likes. He reads but too clearly the universal verdict all round, "all is over"; but his grand efforts do not relax. We now enter the most beautiful stretch of water on the course by going straight for the meadows after turning the famous bend. The race is very monotonous now, although the sculling is still a sight. The surroundings are something to be remembered. The grey sky—truly Northern—growing greyer and gloomier, as if sorrowing at the scene below, the weird and solemn silence broken now and then by periodical cheers for the foremost sculler. We go past the meadow island, which has never presented such a sight before, being simply crammed. There is nothing more to chronicle of this race, which maintained the same character to the finish, Elliott rowing as he never did before, but totally unable to hold the Transatlantic sculler, who gained by the time the race was over the title of the "Phenomenon." Hanlan is probably the best sculler in the world, and there are those who say that he is the finest sculler the world has ever seen.

* * * * *

One would have thought the old town had verily gone "boating mad" on the evening of the great race. The streets were full of excited crowds engaged in fighting the battle over again, and no doubt there was not a hearth in Newcastle where the

"downfall of our champion" did not undergo an impartial analysis. But I have met no one yet foolhardy enough to gainsay the twofold opinion that Elliott did all a man could do to defeat the Canadian, and was beaten fairly and decisively, and that the man who beat him is as fine as and may be a finer than any sculler that ever put hand to an oar.

Some enterprising friends had arranged to hold a grand aquatic carnival in the Town Hall, in celebration of the conquest, and to enable some private gentlemen to present a diamond ring to Hanlan as a *souvenir* of their regard for him. The idea was also to gather together the rowing celebrities of England and America. I was present at the entertainment, which was a great success. As each man entered who possessed anything of a name the audience rose up and saluted them with immense cheering. Hanlan, with Colonel Shaw, was enthusiastically received, the audience rising *en masse*, and cheering for some minutes. Elliott was just as enthusiastically saluted, as he deserved to be. I sat near both scullers during the musical entertainment, and was able to contrast them as they sat together. Both gave themselves up to thorough enjoyment, and apparently forgot that the attention of the audience was given to them more than to the stage. Hanlan's bearing pleased me immensely, as it did everyone. Unaffected, courteous in demeanour, modest yet not abashed, and always graciously acknowledging compliments, he won the esteem of everyone as his prowess to-day had won their admiration. A Canadian friend who had accompanied him over the Atlantic obligingly acquainted me with some interesting particulars of the successful sculler, which I have not the space here to recount. One fact, however, "Read, mark, learn, and digest," O young blood of England, the key to his success is his abstemiousness from luxuries!

W. B. R.

REVIEWS.

Model Yacht Building and Sailing, &c., by Tyrrel E. Biddle, (London, Charles Wilson), is a practical treatise on a subject of considerable interest, by an acknowledged authority, copiously illustrated with diagrams. It would surprise many to know how large a section of the public take interest in miniature yachting, and although some may sneer at the pursuit as too near akin to the toy-boat making of their youthful days, they certainly do so in ignorance of the skill and knowledge it demands and tests. How fascinating the hobby is only its followers can tell, and from them only can you learn its choice delights, its degrees of excitement, and the joy of its triumphs, and of these few are more capable exponents than the author of this little work.

The Great Artists. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington.—We have received the two first parts of this admirable little series of illustrated biographies, namely, that devoted to "Rembrandt van Ryn," a very scholarly and conscientiously executed work by John W. Mallett, B.A., and that on "Tiziano Vecelli da Cadore," by Richard Ford Heath, B.A. Each volume is fully illustrated, with a portrait of the artist and many wood engravings from each of these master's most famous works. In these books, small as they are, there is nothing like the slovenly book-making which so many publishers think good enough for John Bull's reading, or rather buying, but genuine high-class labour, with careful comparison and research, the result being works of the highest class and most reliable kind, full of interest for the general reader, although, of course, most interesting to the art-student and artist.

Pictorial Guide to London. London: Ward and Lock.—Very useful, cheap, and complete, with a number of small, ill-printed woodcuts and dauby, ill-coloured plates. One of the most novel and useful features is 35,000 cab fares, arranged in tables for ready consultation under the names of different stands, and to or from places of general resort.

How We Are Governed. By Albany de Fonblanque (13th edition). London: Frederick Warne and Co.—Condensed into the pages of this slim little volume, under various headings, we have a comprehensive summary of the history and practical workings of our ancient governmental institutions, affording sufficient knowledge for those who require merely correct ideas on the various subjects included, without pretending to enter into the more complicated and minute details for which the general reader would have neither use nor inclination.

Natalie. By Frances H. Burnett. London: F. Warne and Co.—Reprinted from *Scribner's Magazine*, this interesting story, full of life, character, and realistic force, is sure to be by no means the least popular of its publishers' popular shilling series of "Readable Books."

* *Alec Green*, by Silas K. Hocking, by the same publisher as the above, is a somewhat slovenly written but sufficiently interesting story to please the ordinary novel reader.

Into Thin Air. By James T. Child. London: F. Warne and Co.—A readable, well-written story of the modern type, and more than average merit.

Heroes, Patriots, and Pioneers. London: Ward, Lock, and Co.—The first two volumes of this cheap, capital-conceived, and executed series, deals with Columbus, the discoverer of America, and Benjamin Franklin, whose name is so intimately associated with that great country's later history. Both volumes are from the pen of Mr. John S. C. Abbot, who writes in a concise, clear, unaffected, and picturesquely descriptive style which is very readable. The young are sure to be charmed with his books, and those who wish to provide their boys and girls with volumes of an attractive and pleasantly wholesome nature cannot do better than send for them.

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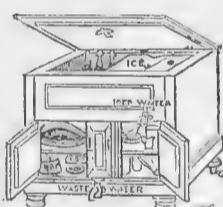
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SIGNOR VIANESI.

SIGNOR VIANESI, whose portrait we published last week, has for the last twenty years occupied so distinguished a position among our resident musicians, that a few biographical particulars of his career will be welcomed by a large number of readers. He was born in 1834 at Leghorn, and belongs to a musical family. His father, who is still living, and is 82 years old, has long been esteemed as a teacher of music, and was a pupil of the celebrated Padre Mattei at Bologna, Rossini and Donizetti being amongst his fellow-pupils. He gave instruction for some years to his son, the subject of this memoir, who subsequently proceeded to Lucca, to complete his musical education under Pacini and the pianist Döhler. While but a mere boy, he attracted the notice and secured the protection of the Grand Duke Leopold of

Tuscany and the Queen Maria Louisa of Parma, and at the Tuscan Court made the acquaintance of the famous *prima donna*, Pasta, by whose advice he journeyed to London, arriving here in March, 1857, totally ignorant of the English language, but with a letter of introduction to Lady Caroline Murray. By her advice he took to giving lessons in singing, and very soon obtained a large and aristocratic clientele. In 1859 Mr. J. H. Mapleson (at that time a theatrical agent) engaged him as conductor of the Italian Opera, at Drury Lane Theatre, under the management of the late Mr. E. T. Smith. Amongst the artists who there sang under his direction were Mmes. Persiani, Gassier, and Viardot-Garcia, &c., and he subsequently conducted in Mr. Willert Beale's provincial tour with Grisi, Mario, Graziani, &c. In 1862 he was appointed conductor of the Italian Opera at Moscow, from whence he was summoned to St.

Petersburg, where he held the part of conductor at the Imperial Opera until 1871, and was honoured with the title of Kappelmeister.

In 1870 Signor Vianesi was engaged by the late Mr. F. Gye as conductor of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden—a post which he has honourably filled from that time until now. He has also conducted at Paris (Salle Ventadour), Madrid, Barcelona, and Trieste, and in every important town in Great Britain and Ireland. During his career he has had under his direction almost every contemporary artist of high repute on the Italian operatic stage, including Pasta, Grisi, Persiani, Alboni, Patti, and Albani; Mario, Tamberlick, Calzolari, Faure, Graziani, Cotogni, Maurel, Gayarre, and Lassalle, &c., &c., besides such instrumentalists as Sivori, Vieuxtemps, Wilhelmj, Carrodus, and Rubinstein; and has enjoyed the intimacy of Rossini,



A PRETTY PERFUMER.

Donizetti, Meyerbeer, Auber, Verdi, and other celebrated composers. What a delightful book he might write, if he could find time to give us anecdotes, and tell us his impressions about all these people! In private society he is highly esteemed, and is frequently an honoured guest of T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and other members of the Royal Family. Among the distinctions conferred upon him may be mentioned his appointment, by the present Empress of Russia, as Director of all her Court Concerts; the knighthood of S.S. Maurice and Lazare, given him by the late, and the still more important knighthood of the Royal Crown of Italy, given him by the present King of Italy. By the late King Leopold I. he was made a Knight of the Royal Order of Leopold of Belgium. From his native province, Tuscany, he received the Gold Medal for Merit, and at the last

International Exhibition in London he was appointed one of the musical jurors. It is worthy of mention that he is not the only member of his family who has won decorations; his brother, Major Vianesi, of the Italian army, having fought in the Crimea and in Italy in eleven pitched battles, in which he was five times wounded, and having received no less than six medals for military valour.

Signor Vianesi's energy and industry are remarkable. He rises every morning at six, both in summer and winter, and after four hours' work, studying scores, arranging details, &c., proceeds to the opera house, where he works from eleven till five. At eight he is again at the theatre, when there is any performance, and, after five hours' repose, rises to resume the same routine. During the last 21 years he has never been known to miss a single rehearsal or performance on account of

illness. In the midst of his exacting occupations he has found time to learn six languages—four of which he writes fluently—to produce clever water-colour sketches and caricatures, and occasionally to prove himself an expert in the use of rod and gun. His remarkable musical abilities, combined with his wonderful mental activity and perseverance, have placed him in the foremost rank among operatic conductors. Although a strict disciplinarian, he is regarded with affectionate esteem by his vocal and instrumental comrades. With the musical public he is deservedly popular, for they know how fully they can rely on him for conscientious execution of every work produced under his direction. The continued success of the Royal Italian Opera is in no small degree due to his untiring zeal and great ability, and in the annals of that great institution the name of Signor Vianesi will occupy an honourable and permanent place.

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

I FEEL this week like a dissecting map that wants putting together a good deal, or a patchwork quilt manufactured by an elderly almshouse lady, who is colour blind, and who has gleaned the materials for her work of art during half a century

*"Count Alarcos"*

inconsequentialness? The weather repast for a single day might very well be fitted into a neat *menu* by the clerk of the weather, and issued each morning for the perusal of us his miserable guests. For instance, what a glorious array of thick and clear soups he could arrange with the mud and rain, how the devilled white-bait could stand out in the half-hour of scorching sun that interleaves our little June winter! Rissoles of hail would be an agreeable change. The good, solid, leaden thunder and lightning could come for the joints, followed by all sorts of iced puddings, and so on. I commend the notion to him—or some wag who works for a comic paper. Let me see, where have I been? Where *haven't* I been? There was the Olympic, with that heartrending drama, *The Mother*, but the mother has fled with her infant to some other mountainous passes than those supplied near the Strand. The Crystal Palace, with a drama by the Earl of Beaconsfield, that is, by the youthful Mr. Benjamin Disraeli. *Count Alarcos; or, the Young Duke*, I think, is the title of this highly-imposing dramatic effort. Why did not Mr. J. W. Anson, who is such an intrepid manager of such things, arrange to have the noble author with the Turnerelli wreath upon his brow to step forward and bow the author's thanks? Somebody—Mr. Anson himself—well made up, would have suited the purpose; if he had the brazen front of the People's Caterer, or Mr. Joseph Eldred, he would have undertaken the impersonation with delightful readiness: but I fear he is lacking in such qualities. What a glorious figure the young Disraeli must have cut when he bowed on the original production of his drama. What festoons of chains! What rings and neck-scarf with double pins! What luxuriant ringlets! How different now; not one scrap of jewellery bedecks the Earl of Beaconsfield, save one plain band of gold round his finger, that looks very like the heritage of a widower. Indeed, I believe the Premier declines even to wear

*"Mrs. Keeley flits with an owl-like."*

Tracy Turnerelli's "tribute" or his coronet! Why, I verily believe young Disraeli would have worn both at the same time if he had had the chance. I went to the Haymarket intending to see *Brag*, but that extraordinary piece had been even more rapidly withdrawn than when Mr. Wills before presented it to the public as *Ellen*, and I found Mr. G. W. Anson giving a sort of starring entertainment, consisting of Old Grimaldi in *The Life of An Actress*, and a variety of impersonations in a piece by those humorous gentlemen, Messrs. Reece and McArdle, entitled *Mariionettes*. As a Marionette doll, Mr. Anson was extremely diverting. I was at the Haymarket again one morning when the theatrical profession were doing homage to Mrs. Swanborough, on the occasion of the twenty-first anniversary of her management at the Strand Theatre. The dear old lady was holding a "reception" on the stage, and all the flower and beauty of "the profession" were gathered on the stage. The numerous members of Mrs. Swanborough's gifted family had mustered round her—Edward, and Arthur, so did William, "and so did his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts," but there was no Ada; unfortunately she was too far away on her provincial tour, but I warrant me she comforted her mother's heart with an affectionate telegram at the right moment. Mrs. Keeley stepped forward and delivered an address in rhyme, written by Mr. Byron, whose career has been so constantly connected with Mrs. Swanborough's management. I have often had a great desire to sketch Mrs. Keeley; now I tried to do so, and I wish to fate I hadn't! It is a libel, and I forthwith apologise to the lady for it. It would be a falsehood to say that Mrs. Keeley is handsome, but what a wonderful face she has! The wonderful bright brown eyes, the merry wrinkles, everyone a volume of expression in itself. Here is a woman who is old enough

of chintz and dimity "gowns." I seem to have been everywhere full of everything in the way of theatrical entertainment, and yet so empty-headed regarding all. Is it this salubrious mixture of weather that gives one such a charming sensation of

*Mr. G. W. Anson as a Marionette*

to be decrepit and feeble, but she scorns such an idea, because her soul is as young as it was half a century ago. Why does not someone paint her? I don't believe there is a portrait of her in existence, except an unfinished one by Clint. What a subject for Millais, if he would only induce the lady to sit to him. I have been away to the East-end, to the fragrant groves of Shoreditch, where is the Garrick Theatre, in Leman-street—which used to be an abiding place for blood and thunder. Mr.

*The latest development of stick*

Sutton has, however, tried a novel experiment, that of producing refined opera bouffe, with a good company and a good band. The experiment is a commendable one, and I hope will succeed, but it seemed to me to affect the more aristocratic portion of the town more than the immediate inhabitants of Whitechapel. Playgoers from the West-end had "gone out," to see it; indeed, I met one distinguished gentleman at the box office who had brought a bag with him, which evidently contained a change of linen and perhaps some light refreshment—say champagne—doubtless he was under the impression that Whitechapel was some

*Opera Bouffe at the East End*

barbarous district far removed, where one would require to camp out for the night after the performance, and find food and stimulants. Again, I have been to the Alexandra Palace, but that subject is so vast and varied that I must leave it until another opportunity. Can it be that the darling little crutch-stick, that has been such a comfort to us during the past twelve months, is going out of fashion? I see some of its votaries at least have abandoned it for a cane with a small gold (brass) or silver (pot metal) ball at the top (*vide* sketch). Oh! faithless ones, to abandon your first love!—the one you have cuddled and kissed [in the stalls of theatres for one short year—for crutch-sticks' sake—for your own sake—for OUR sake—pause and think what you are doing!

CHESS.

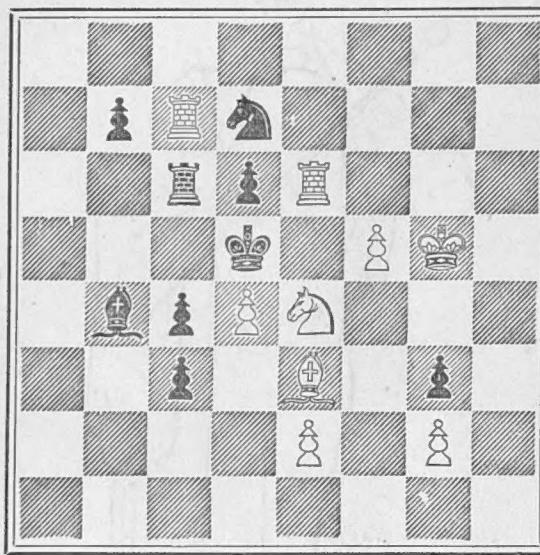
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. F. PAUL (Chicago).—Letter and Problems received, with many thanks.
CLERICUS.—Ignorance and prejudice combined render the player you refer to incompetent to form an opinion on the subject. Send us full particulars.
J. M.—Many thanks for the game.
T. R. H.—We have received your budget and intend shortly to make use of it.
SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 234, by R. L., J. G., and Juvenis, are correct.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 233.
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Q sq Kt moves (best)
2. Q takes P (ch) B takes Q
3. P to B 8 Knighting and mating.

PROBLEM No. 235.
A Competing Problem in the Lowenthal Tourney.
Motto, "Farewell."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

MATCH between Mr. Potter and Mr. James Mason—second game, played at Simpson's Divan, June 18th.

[Irregular Opening.]

| WHITE. (Mr. Potter.) | BLACK. (Mr. Mason.) | WHITE. (Mr. Potter.) | BLACK. (Mr. Mason.) |
|-------------------------|------------------------|-------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. P to Q 4 | P to K B 4 (a) | 16. P to B 5 | P to K 2 |
| 2. P to K 3 | Kt to K B 3 | 17. Kt to K 5 | P to Q 3 |
| 3. Kt to K B 3 | P to K 3 | 18. P takes P | P takes P |
| 4. B to K 2 | B to K 2 | 19. Kt to B 3 | Q to Q 2 |
| 5. Castles | Castles | 20. Kt to K sq | Q R to B sq |
| 6. P to Q Kt 3 | P to Q Kt 3 | 21. R takes R | R takes R |
| 7. B to Kt 2 | B to Kt 2 | 22. R to B sq | R takes R |
| 8. P to Q B 4 | Q to K sq (b) | 23. Q takes R | P to Q 4 (e) |
| 9. Kt to B 3 | Kt to K 5 | 24. P to K B 4 | B to Q 3 |
| 10. R to B sq | Kt takes Kt (c) | 25. Kt to B 3 | P to K R 3 |
| 11. B takes Kt | Kt to B 3 | 26. P to Kt 3 | Q to K 2 |
| 12. Q to Q 2 | Kt to Q sq | 27. P to K R 4 | K to B 2 |
| 13. K R to Q sq | Kt to B 2 | 28. K to B 2 | Q to B 2 |
| 14. B to Kt 4 | Kt to Q 3 (d) | 29. Q takes Q | B takes Q |
| 15. B takes Kt | B takes B | 30. K to K sq | Drawn game. |

(a) Certain pundits have pronounced this a bad move, even for the first player to open with, yet here it is adopted by the second player against one of the most practised and skilful conductors of the close game, and without any weak move on his part leads to a perfectly even game.

(b) To clear the way for the Q Kt's journey to the King's side.

(c) Had he now played Kt to Q B 3, of course White would have taken the Kt at K 5, thereby weakening Black's pawns.

(d) Good enough; but P to Q 3 with the object of advancing the K P at the proper juncture would have given his game a better form and a more interesting aspect.

(e) P to K 4 would have afforded his Bishops more freedom of action, and infused some spirit into the contest.

THE following game was played some time ago between Herr Steinitz and the Rev. S. W. Earshaw:—

[Salvo Gambit.]

| WHITE. (Mr. Earshaw.) | BLACK. (Herr Steinitz.) | WHITE. (Mr. Earshaw.) | BLACK. (Herr Steinitz.) |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------|--------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | P to K 4 | 18. P takes P | Kt takes Kt P |
| 2. P to K B 4 | P takes P | 19. Kt takes Kt | Q takes Kt |
| 3. Kt to K B 3 | P to Kt 4 | 20. K to B 2 | P to K 4 (f) |
| 4. B to B 4 | P to Kt 5 | 21. P to Q 5 | Kt to Q 5 |
| 5. Kt to K 5 | Q to R 5 (ch) | 22. R to R 4 | Q to Kt 3 |
| 6. K to B sq | Kt to K B 3 (a) | 23. Q to K sq | P to K R 4 |
| 7. Kt to Q B 3 | P to Q 3 | 24. P to Q Kt 4 | Q R to B sq |
| 8. Kt to Q 3 | P to B 6 | 25. Q to K 3 | P to R 3 |
| 9. P to K Kt 3 | Q to R 6 (ch) (b) | 26. Q to Q 2 | Kt to K 7 (g) |
| 10. K to K sq | B to R 3 | 27. Kt takes Kt | P tks Kt (dis.ch.) |
| 11. Kt to B 2 | Q to R 4 | 28. K takes P | Q takes Kt P |
| 12. P to Q 4 | Kt to B 3 | 29. K to Q sq | R to B 7 |
| 13. P to Q R 3 (c) | B to K 3 | 30. Q to K sq | Q to B 6 (ch) |
| 14. Q to Q 3 | Castles Q R | 31. K to B sq | R to K 7 |
| 15. B tks Q B (ch) (d) P takes B | | 32. Q to Q sq | Q takes R P (ch) |
| 16. B takes B | Q takes B | 33. K to Kt sq | Q takes P (ch) |
| 17. P to R 3 (e) | Q to Kt 3 | 34. K to B sq | R takes K P and wins. |

(a) Anderssen here played Kt to K R 3 in several match games with Mr. Steinitz; but the move in the text, originally recommended by Salvo, is stronger, to which the best reply is Q to K sq, for if he takes B P with Kt, Black obviously wins a piece by 7. P to Q 4—and if—

| WHITE. | BLACK. |
|----------------|-----------|
| 7. B takes B P | K to K 2 |
| 8. B to Kt 3 | P to Q 3 |
| 9. Kt to Q 3 | Kt to R 4 |

and Black has a strong attack.

(b) Old players as well as young should remember Staunton's advice—"avoid useless checks." This rash but harmless Queen is now almost imprisoned and must presently flee before the K Kt, which will be well posted at B 2.

(c) Weak: B to Kt 5 would have been a better line of play; and then if B to Q 2.

| WHITE. | BLACK. |
|----------------|-----------|
| 14. B takes Kt | B takes B |
| 15. P to K R 3 | |

(d) Weak: P to Q Kt 4 would at least have made the Black King anxious; also he might have played P to Q 5, thereby rendering very nice play necessary on both sides.

(e) This only increases his difficulties; Q Kt to Q sq, followed by P to B 3 was probably his best defence.

(f) Very well played.

(g) Skilfully inflicting the mortal wound.

CHESS CHAT.

THE second game in the match between Messrs. Potter and Mason was played at Simpson's, and attracted a goodly array of spectators. It lasted three hours and a half, and was remarkable alike for accuracy of play and dulness of positions. In thus writing, I do not intend by any means to disparage the powers of these experts; for I regard the two contests that have already taken place but as skirmishes preliminary to the real battles—the mighty strategic operations which we shall yet witness. On Saturday the combatants met again at Simpson's, and the rooms were crowded with visitors. Mr. Potter was the first to

make his appearance; a fact that, to my mind, often presages a victory. For it indicates, in a measure, a man conscious of his strength, and longing for the encounter. Mr. Mason, however, was not behind time, but he looked jaded and unsprightly, as though "Coming events had cast their shadows before him." My anticipations were fully realised. Mr. Potter displayed his usual judgment and more than his usual boldness; whilst Mr. Mason, after a very few moves, simply contented himself with opening up a way for the enemy to invade his camp. The result was an easy victory for the Englishman. The fourth game was played at the City of London Club on last Monday, when Mr. Potter was again victorious.

The score in the Delmar-Loyd match is—Delmar, 4; Loyd, 1; Drawn, 1.

Herr Rosenthal has challenged Herr Zukertort to play a match next September for £200 a-side. MAES.

THE SHETLAND ISLES,

AS A COOL SUMMER RESORT FOR YACHTING, SEA AND TROUT FISHING, ETC. (Continued).

In describing the journey to Shetland it will be best to fix upon London as the starting-point. From London the tourist to the Shetland Isles may go all the way by sea, or may go by train either to Edinburgh or even as far as Aberdeen, which very materially shortens the sea route. Those who have time to spare and are good sailors may prefer to go all the way from the Thames to Lerwick by sea by the London and Aberdeen steam-boats, which run twice a week—Wednesdays and Saturdays—and do the journey in 36 hours. These boats go to Aberdeen and meet the Shetland boats thus:—In starting by the Wednesday's boat from the Thames the tourist arrives some time on Friday at Aberdeen, and has the advantage of changing direct on to the Shetland boat without having to stay over night at Aberdeen, as one Shetland boat leaves Aberdeen during the evening of every Friday. When the tourist starts from the Thames to Aberdeen by the Saturday boat, he gets landed in Aberdeen on the Monday, and has to wait over night to catch the Tuesday's boat from Aberdeen to Shetland. Those who are anything like good sailors should choose the sea route, as it is not only cheaper than the rail, but the boats are large and kept beautifully clean, and the passenger accommodation is excellent. We shall not attempt to describe so familiar a voyage, but proceed to say that if the tourist, either from not having sufficient time, or not being a good sailor, elects to go by rail, his choice lies between Edinburgh and Aberdeen. The Shetland boats start from Edinburgh (Granton) twice a week during the summer, between May and October, on Tuesdays and Fridays, and start at hours varying from 5 a.m. up to noon or after, always announced in the company's time bills a month in advance, which can be obtained from the company's offices in Edinburgh; address, North of Scotland, Orkney, and Shetland Steam Navigation Co., Waterloo-place, Edinburgh. If the boat leaves Granton after ten o'clock in the forenoon, our tourist can leave London by any of the mail trains of the night previous, which start about 9 p.m. and arrive in Edinburgh by 8 a.m., or thereabout, next morning. Arrived in Edinburgh, a cab will take the tourist down to the boat in Granton harbour direct for a couple of shillings or so, when he can have a comfortable wash and breakfast on board. If, however, the boat starts earlier than 8 o'clock a.m., he will need to leave London the morning previous, and then he has the choice between cabbing direct to the boat, and sleeping aboard, or going to an hotel. Many prefer the former to going to an hotel and being aroused next morning at an unearthly hour.

The Shetland boats running between Granton and Lerwick are very good indeed, but will not compare with the London and Aberdeen ones in cleanliness. The difference is not so widely seen at starting, though it is then apparent enough, especially to the nasal organs. The return fare first cabin from Granton to Lerwick is thirty-nine shillings, and much ingenuity is exercised to obtain a deck cabin. The journey from Granton to Aberdeen is accomplished in six or eight hours, and the boat starts thence to Lerwick in the after-part of the day or evening, after receiving the mails and passengers at Aberdeen and those who have come by the London boat. After leaving Aberdeen, the mid-week steamer goes direct to Kirkwall, the capital of the Orkney Isles, but the other steamer calls at Wick, so that those who wish to go as direct as possible from Granton choose the Tuesday's boat. Wick is a cold, bare sea-fishing place, uninteresting to the tourist and not to be touched at when avoidable, though it only detains the boat a few hours. On arriving at Kirkwall, our tourist, who sees an extreme northern town for the first time, sees nothing particular in bad weather, but in summer and fine weather the short stay in Kirkwall is interesting. The stay at Kirkwall is always interesting to the tourist. Should time permit, he may stroll to the very fine old cathedral. Of course before leaving the boat he must ask how long it is going to stay, as his hearing the ship's bells is not a matter of certainty. From Kirkwall to Lerwick the boats take two routes, according to the weather. Sometimes, in very fine, clear weather the boat goes through the Orkney Isles, thus taking a nearly direct and therefore shorter route; but this cannot always be done on account of the shallowness of the water between the many isles. On favourable days, when no sea is on, the tourist manages capitally till he gets into Sumburgh Roads; then his sea-going qualities are tested, whatever wind blows, on account of the strong tides running at this point, which never fail to give some little motion to the vessel. It is unfortunate that no remedy or no preventive exists for seasickness. Very much, however, depends on being in good order before going on board, and if tendency to sickness prevails to keep in the recumbent position as much as possible. It is a most delightful trip from Granton to Lerwick in fine weather, when the tourist can take his regular feeds and remain a good deal on deck.

On arrival in Lerwick harbour he will see a man or a big boy cramming powder, newspapers, and mop-heads into a small cannon, which is fired by regulation, but not with regularity, somewhere between the mouth of the harbour and the anchorage, and is a sign for the Lerwick boatmen to row out to the vessel and take the passengers and mails to land in boats. The vessel anchors in deep water in the harbour, and as there is no pier she can approach, the very inconvenient process of landing in boats has to be resorted to. The special boats which come off are the mail boat, which takes in the mails, and those of the passengers who prefer to do so or can get in in time; then the boats of the two hotels are seen—the "Queen in

and the "Zetland"—but generally the servants from these with their service caps are found on board touting for their respective hotels. There are also numerous private venture boats. Both hotels are good, but utterly incompetent in the matter of accommodation in the height of the tourist season. Sofas, beds on the floor, and such uncomfortable accommodation has to be resorted to if the tourist can get in at all. There are, however, capital lodgings to be found. The greatest failure Shetland has is in this matter of hotels, and scarcity of good accommodation is mainly felt in Lerwick during the height of the season, and in the country all over at any time. There is a great want of good middle-class houses also, attributable to the cost experienced in building, say they, but really to indifference we think. Indeed, it is generally conceded that a little outlay in the way of hotels, and some good class private houses, would attract the retiring class from the South, and others, besides largely increasing the number of excursionists in the season. Up to this time entire families as tourists are seldom seen, as the accommodation for ladies and children does not exist. So that tourists are for the most part males unaccompanied.

On arriving in Lerwick harbour, called Bressay Sound, the tourist finds it landlocked by the Island of Bressay on the east and by Lerwick on the west. The south entrance of the harbour is some hundreds of yards in width, but the north entrance is much narrower, being little more than a stone's throw. Lerwick harbour is one of the most capacious natural harbours in the world. The tourist, before landing, is astonished to find the houses and other buildings in Lerwick which are nearest the harbour actually built in the water. At one time this arrangement was rather convenient, as it afforded a good opportunity for the smuggling talent of the period. If the tourist did not land at Kirkwall, he now gets his first sniff of peat reek—a most pervading but by no means unpleasant odour. The houses of the town of Lerwick are very closely packed and without any attempt at regularity; indeed, they are very irregularly placed. There are two main streets, namely, Commercial-street and the Hill Head, whilst all the other streets run straight, up and down the hill, meeting these two main thoroughfares. Commercial-street is the first sweet thing in streets our tourist will probably have seen. It runs all the length of the town, from the south to the north end, keeping close to the margin of the harbour, and only separated from it by a house or two here and there built in the sea. Short piers run a few yards into the harbour from this street. The irregularity and extreme narrowness of Commercial-street is accounted for by its being formed for foot-passengers only at a remote period when there were no vehicles in Shetland. A cart or a gig can get the length of this street, but in places (especially approaching the north end) the cart takes up all the space. In fact, this street, which brings much ridicule on the town, is only flagged causeway. Some very good modern shops exist along Commercial-street.

Before striking out inland, most tourists prefer doing Lerwick and ferreting out curiosities in the shops, and making purchases of Shetland goods, thus beginning at the wrong end, as their purchases had better be left till the last. The local places of interest should first be visited, thus:—First day visit:

The Orkneyman's Cave.—For enjoyment, a good deal of inexpensive preparation is required for this trip. A fine day and a smooth sea should be chosen, with, if possible, a capful of wind. "Boots" should be commissioned to hire a boat and two men, and a small hamper of provisions will not be found amiss, whilst those fond of the gun should take it with them on this trip. The object of the sail being known, the boatmen will prepare one or two long sticks, headed with cloth or rags, and a supply of naphtha to burn in and light up the cave. We have said a beautiful day should be chosen; then we repair to the pier well-hampered and take boat. It is a most delightful little sail, which occupies the greater part of a day going and coming, and the start should not be later than eleven in the forenoon. The beautiful harbour is traversed in a southerly direction nearing the Bressay shore, and passing the Bressay lighthouse high up on the cliff, we pass the point of Kirkabister. At this point is a most magnificent natural archway, almost under the lighthouse, formed by the water-worn rock, which we can sail under or past at pleasure. One of the prettiest photographs in "Wilson's Shetland Album," to be purchased in Lerwick, is one of Bressay lighthouse and this large rock arch. After passing this point we steer east to the cave, which is a hollow in the huge rocky prominence called the Bard of Bressay. At a distance the mouth of the cave appears like the mouth of a rabbit-hole, its height, compared with the Bard, being so insignificant, and the tourist is not a little surprised to find that the boat can enter the cave some distance without lowering the sail. The water at the entrance is very clear and deep, and lights up the roof of the cave with a variety of beautiful shades. When well into the cave torches are required in the darkness of the narrow winding passage. The sound of the dipping oar resounds like thunder, and the ordinary voice is intensified to a frightful degree. On a first visit the visitor is struck with a feeling of awe as he finds himself well within this awfully grand cavern. If the visitor is plucky and likes to go far in, the boat, with sail lowered, can be pushed along far into the interior till it comes to a sea beach; but no one, we believe, has had the temerity to pass further than this. Most visitors like to get out of the boat along the narrow passage and endeavour to chip off a piece of the numerous stalactites which abound; but unless you have provided yourself with a proper geologist's hammer, or an equally effective weapon, you will not readily secure a piece. Ladies should never attempt to penetrate the cave beyond a very few yards, indeed, we believe they seldom do. The cave and the first day's trip we are describing is a favourite trip with the Lerwegians to take their friends, and never fails to impress the stranger with the grandeur and the beauty of Shetland scenery.

Passing out of the cave we soon arrive at the extreme end of Bressay, called the Bard. This is a rocky point of vast dimensions, rising almost perpendicularly from the sea level to a great height. The surface of the rock is weather-worn and most irregularly indented. At the extreme point of the Bard is another rock-formed arch like the one we have described, though much higher. The narrow piece detached from the rest is called the Giant's Leg, so-called because once upon a time a giant was striding over from Shetland to Orkney and left this leg behind. The leg appears as a vast prop or buttress, reared against the awfully grand precipice of which it has once formed a part. After passing the Bard the boat makes for

cormorants, puffins, &c., perched upon and flying about these high and safe retreats, in which they breed, and render the cliffs quite alive and noisy. The island of Noss is now a pasture for sheep, but has a further interest in being the place where Dr. Copland, the eminent London physician, spent his childhood. If the tourist has not been sea-sick and not had enough boating, he can return to Lerwick the way he came, but if he so prefers, he may take an overland route by crossing from Noss to Bressay over Noss Sound, which is only a few stones' throw across, but has a strong tidal current. If Noss has been reached before evening, the tourist will do well to leave the boat, and cross over Bressay Isle, and climb the Wart of Bressay, a cone-shaped hill over 700 feet high, from which he has a fine view of the Shetland Isles on a clear day. The Island of Bressay is very compact, and about six miles from north to south, and from two to three from east to west. No difficulty will be experienced on arrival at the Lerwick side of the Bressay shore if the Manse, lying to the north-west, be aimed at. There are always boatmen who will take the tourist across the sound to Lerwick for a shilling.

We will suppose our voyagers to have arrived at Lerwick at their comfortable quarters after this first day's trip. We hope they will enjoy a good dinner, and retire early, as we shall require them to be early astir on the morrow.

(To be continued.)

THE AMATEURS.

Amateurs are requested to send early notice of any performance they desire announced or reviewed; in the latter case enclosing a programme and two tickets. Advertisements must be forwarded to the Publisher by first post on Thursday mornings to insure insertion in the current week's issue.

LECTURE HALL, GREENWICH.—A ballad concert was given at this Hall on Monday, the 9th inst., in aid of the Ladies' Challenge Cup fund, belonging to the 13th Kent (Greenwich) Volunteers. The audience was a very poor one, and the fund, I fear, would not be substantially benefited. Mr. Kenningham carried off the honours of the evening by his rendering of the "The Death of Nelson," and "Come into the garden, Maud;" the latter having gained an encore, he substituted "Sweethearts." Captain Brigg's flute-playing was far above the average of amateurs. Some one sang Sullivan's new song, "St. Agnes' Eve," but so much care was taken to let the audience know Mr. John Shepherd would play the organ obbligato, that the singer's name (being, I presume, of minor importance) was omitted altogether. Mr. Sydney Cozens, well-known in the neighbourhood, sang Watson's "The first sweet love," and "The blue Alsatian mountains." He possesses a nice tenor voice of good quality, but he would do well to pronounce his words more clearly. He also accompanied many of the songs, Mr. R. Bell, the other accompanist, being totally unfit for his work. Not only was his time shaky, but he played the most awful discords with unblushing effrontery. Whoever put it into Mr. Walter Shepherd's head that he was a vocalist has very, very much to answer for. Miss Wardroper gained a well-merited encore for her very artistic and pleasing rendering of "Love the Pilgrim," when she replied with Gounod's well-known serenade.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—A company of amateurs, consisting of nearly all the best-known names, gave a performance at the above theatre on Wednesday afternoon, the 11th inst. *London Assurance* was the piece selected for representation, and with the company at command a better one could not have been chosen. It only required a few more rehearsals and a "call-boy" who knew his duties to have turned a very fair performance into a thorough success. I must presume that the said call-boy was the cause of one or two awkward waits, or if I be wrong, and the fault lay with the actors themselves, then their own consciences will condemn them. The performance was given in aid of the Consumption Hospital at Ventnor. And now for the *dramatis persona*. It is two years since I last saw Mr. Romaine-Walker in the part of Sir Harcourt, and the interval has matured his style and added breadth to his performance. He still keeps to his old make-up, and I doubt if he could possibly hit on a better; his walk is capital managed. Mr. Stephens was again to the fore as Charles, a part well suited to him. Mr. C. W. A. Trollope's make-up as Max was very good, and he played the part with plenty of life and good-humoured jollity. Captain D'Arcy's Dazzle was another well-filled part. In fact, there was not one bad one amongst them, and this general excellence only served to make more prominent the faults which might so easily have been avoided. I refer now more especially to the prompter, whose office was anything but that of a sinecure. The honours of the afternoon were undoubtedly won by Mr. Lawrence as Meddle. Often as I have seen this gentleman, I have never seen him equal this occasion. The charm in his humour consists in his apparent total unconsciousness that he is funny. Mr. Rodney Perkins dressed the part of Cool with great judgment, and played it with care and good effect, but I wish he would not jerk his words at his hearers. If he would keep his head still when speaking he would be better. Mr. Milne made up as Sol Isaacs, and Mr. Colnaghi was a competent Dolly. I was much pleased with the Lady Gay of Mrs. Conyers D'Arcy. She threw plenty of life and go into the part, and her description of the ride was as spirited and well delivered as so ridiculously unnatural a speech well could be. More care in the management of the habit would have made several people in the stalls less nervous. Miss Lucy Williams played pleasantly as Grace, and Miss Zoe Bland made a good Pert. The performance was under the direction of Mr. Coe.

THE HAMPSTEAD AMATEUR DRAMATIC SOCIETY gave an invitation performance on Thursday, the 12th inst., at the King's Cross Theatre. The audience was a large and fashionable one, and seemed thoroughly to appreciate the efforts of their friends among the amateurs. Let me get rid of my unpleasant task of finding fault with some of the arrangements before speaking of the actors. In the first place, it is absurd for amateurs to try and play two three-act comedies in one evening, and especially when none of the waits are less than a quarter of an hour in length, and one twenty-five minutes. The result on the evening in question was that the performance was not over until twelve o'clock. The band, which I have often spoken of before, was anything but good; they do not seem to have the slightest knowledge of time, nor are they intimately acquainted with tune. By far the best thing they played was the "Post-horn galop," which really went with spirit, thanks to Mr. W. A. Attenborough's performance on a real post-horn. *Weak Woman* was the first comedy, and served to introduce Mr. George Fox to the amateur ranks in the character of Dr. Fleming. His make-up was very good, he played with much feeling in the second and third acts, and his *début* may be set down as a success. Mr. Keogh, as Captain Ginger, was also very good, and his by-play throughout the piece was worthy of high commendation. Mr. Isaacs, as Arthur, made a mistake in smoking in the drawing-room, before ladies in Act 1; he was very easy—in fact, rather too

much so. Let amateurs be natural by all means, but let them also be careful not to overdo it. Tootal found a representative in Mr. H. Edgar Wild, who, though very well made up, rather forced his acting. As Frederick Fanshaw Mr. Pugh was manly and effective, but he is given to that bad habit of dropping his voice at the end of his sentences, and even in the King's Cross Theatre, which is far from being a big one, several of his points were lost. Miss Emma Ritta and Miss Ellen Ida both played charmingly as the cousins, Helen and Lilian Gaythorne, and Mrs. C. H. Stephenson as Mrs. Gunn, a distant relative, was capital; her love scene with Ginger fairly brought down the house. After a terribly long wait, *To Parents and Guardians* followed, in which I was again pleased with Mr. George Fox's impersonation of Mr. Swish. Mr. G. B. Phillips's make-up as the Parisian usher, Tourbillon, was most careful and correct, and his acting may be placed under the same description. Mr. Keogh, on the contrary, overdid the part of Master Waddilove, both as regards acting and make-up. Master Nettles suffered in the hands of Mr. S. H. Fletcher, through this gentleman's constant attention to the audience rather than his part; he seemed to be recognising friends in all parts of the house. As Nubbles, a farmer, Mr. W. Dyer was worthy of praise. Mrs. C. H. Stephenson looked and played well as Lady Nettles. Miss Ellen Ida as Mary Swish, a girl of 13 or 14, was wonderfully good, and Miss Ritta represented Virginia in a manner which quite took the hearts of her audience by storm. The other characters were undertaken by Messrs. Gottschalk, Wild, Turner, B. W. Wild, H. C. Wild, G. L. Wild, and Thornton.

ST. MARK'S, OLD STREET.—A musical and dramatic entertainment was given at the national schools of this parish on Friday, the 13th inst. One of the chief items of the musical portions was the duet, "I know a bank," by Mrs. and Miss Bigwood, the latter of whom, a little girl ten years of age, played Farmer's arrangement of "The harp that once," as a solo on the violin, in a manner which immediately elicited a hearty encore. She further showed her musical talent by accompanying Mrs. Bigwood in "Robin Adair" and "Coming through the rye," both of which that lady sang with great taste and feeling. Mr. Broxholm chose as his solo on the piano Sidney Smith's "Jeunesse Dorée," a piece well suited to exhibit his proficiency on that instrument. The St. Mark's Choir sang several glees, and Mr. H. P. Matthews appeared during the evening. The dramatic portion consisted of *Bumble's Courtship*, supported by Mr. Mitchell and Miss Henderson, which went as well as it was possible for such a stupid and senseless piece to go; and "The Trial Scene from Pickwick," which could hardly be considered a success. One fatal mistake was made, viz., bringing the actors through the audience to the stage. They were thus seen before the play commenced, and consequently much of the novelty was lost. There appeared no necessity for this, as there was a large room behind the stage.

THE PLANTATION MINSTRELS gave an entertainment at the Town Hall, Kilburn, on Monday, the 16th inst. Instead of adopting the regulation evening dress, the company appeared in white jackets and trousers, with scarlet ties, the contrast with the dark skins being remarkably good. The first part of the programme was made up of well-known ballads and choruses, some of the latter being well rendered. The only encore was obtained by Mr. Powys for his song "Kitty with the Buckles." The "corner-men" would do well to get up some newer and more funny jokes, at present they are decidedly dreary. In Part II. Mr. T. R. Bannister received a well-deserved encore for his cornet solo, "Ah! che la morte," as also did Mr. G. W. Hamilton for his piccolo solo, "Wren Polka." The comic sketch, *The Insurance Office*, caused roars of laughter, and the whole concluded with the walls round, "All skedaddle," which was not particularly funny.

THE BIRBECK ELOCUTION CLASS gave a performance at the Institution on Wednesday, the 18th instant, of *Meg's Diversion* and *The Lottery Ticket*. On the last occasion I attended, my ticket was marked reserved, and I failed to find a seat; this time it was marked special reserved, but alas! with the same result. On entering the hall (the passage, as on the former occasion, was crammed with people unable to find sitting room), I presented my ticket to the steward, who having read the mystic word special in the corner, gazed vaguely round the portion of the building under his charge, and at length in the dim distance, having discovered two unoccupied seats, he informed me, if I didn't mind standing till the end of the act, I could have one. But as I saw no chance of getting to it even then, except by climbing over the heads of the orchestra, or walking on the knees of the front row of the audience, I declined, and am once more prevented from furnishing a report. But even if I had performed this gymnastic feat and arrived at the seat without a broken neck, I should have sat in fear and trembling throughout; for, in case of a fire occurring, an awful calamity must be the result. As far as I could ascertain, there is but one exit down a narrow, twisting staircase, not more than 3 feet wide, for the whole of those in the reserved seats, and a similar one for the pit, which naturally is constructed to seat a much larger number. Both these exits are by the side of the stage, and if that caught fire I fail to see what possible chance the audience could have of getting out alive.

THE CENTRAL LONDON RANGERS (40th M.R.V.) gave their annual theatrical performance at St. George's Hall, on Thursday, the 19th inst., in aid of the funds of the corps. Two farces and a four-act comedy drama is a long bill to place before an audience, yet the volunteers, nothing daunted, went through it with plenty of spirit. In the opening farce, *Ticklish Times*, Colour-Sergeant Hadfield as Sir William Ramsay was terribly stiff, and fell a victim to that Cockney bugbear the letter H. In pleasing contrast was the Bodkin of Sergeant Russell; he was very good from first to last. As Griggs, Corporal Caver's business was good, but his voice gave way and got squeaky before the curtain fell. Sergeant Simmons gave us a capital piece of character acting as Jansen; the Dutch accent, however, might have been better maintained. Miss Constance Brabant played very prettily as Mrs. Griggs, and the same may be said of Miss Gascoigne in the part of Winifred. Mrs. C. H. Stephenson, as the servant, Dot, was capital. The next piece in order was Wybert Reeve's comedy drama, *Parted*, in which Major Miller undertook the part of Victor Orme. In the first act he was hardly distinct enough, and a little more feeling in the love scenes would not have been amiss. In the second act, where Victor enters the conservatory, after having drunk the drugged wine, Major Miller appeared uncertain whether he was drunk or not—one moment he was sober, the next quite the contrary. In Act 3 it was hard to form a correct estimate of his powers owing to a slight *contretemps*, which completely upset him. In the fourth act, however, on his return after an absence of ten years, his acting pleased all better, and the quiet manner in which he unmasked the villain Sprackling was somewhat effective. Captain and Adjutant Higgins played remarkably well as Frank Cheeny; he was natural and manly, and thoroughly deserved the applause he obtained. Another well played character was that of Benjamin Lovell (Lieut. Greygen); at first he was indistinct, but as he warmed to his work so he improved. In the fourth act his playing was marked with power. I must also

commend him for his capital make-up, more especially in the last act. Captain Florence caused continual amusement by his Mark Tickell; his business in the third act was capital. Quartermaster Turner as Joseph Sprackling was the cool calculating villain to the life, and the hearty hisses which greeted his appearance before the curtain showed how well his efforts were appreciated. Lieut. Sadler was loud and noisy as Thomas Sprackling, and Lieut. Brown filled the part of the servant. Miss Marguerite Schubert was particularly good in the second and third act, and played with great power and force, which no one more than Major Miller was capable of appreciating. Miss Augusta Stuart was lively and pleasing as Kate Tyson, and Mrs. C. H. Stephenson amusing as Mrs. Motley. Least but not last was the baby, not mentioned in the programmes. His (or her) *début* was a signal success. The concluding piece, *To Paris and Back for £5*, went merrily enough, thanks to all concerned in it. Major Cowper was as amusing as ever as Samuel Snozze, and Captain Low's make-up as Spriggins was first-rate. Captain White made a good Charles Markham, and Lieutenant Sadlers was energetic as Lieutenant Spike, R.M. Pounce. Joseph, the superintendent, and the telegraph clerk were undertaken by Sergeant Russell, Lieutenant Greygen, Sergeant Simmons, and Lieutenant Brown, respectively, of whom Lieutenant Greygen was far the best. Miss Constance Brabant was Fanny Spriggins. The waits during the evening, though by no means long, were enlivened by the capital band of the regiment, under F. Blake.

THE "MARTINEAU" AMATEUR DRAMATIC COMPANY gave a performance at the Bijou Theatre on Monday, the 23rd inst. What special claim Mr. Frank Martineau has to name the company after himself I don't know; claims as an actor certainly would not warrant such a proceeding, and the wiser course on his part would have been not to identify himself with the company until they had at least learned their parts, and prepared themselves for a public performance by frequent and careful rehearsals. I cannot pass by Mr. F. W. McDonnell, in his capacity of stage-manager, without censuring him for the utter want of care and knowledge he exhibited in that position. Not only were the intervals between the acts of a preposterous length, but stage waits and loud-voiced promptings were the order of the evening; over and over again the business on the stage came to a dead stop, and not the slightest attempt was made at any grouping, but actors and actresses (save the mark!) wandered insanely about where their fancy or inclination led them. The music was supplied by a young lady at the piano, who had no easy task set her. The bill commenced with *Ici on Parle Français*, in which Mr. Walter Sealby, as Rattan (supposed to be a retired major) appeared in a nondescript uniform, and aired his incapacity. Mr. Martineau, as Dubois, was fair, and his make-up far from bad. Mr. McDonnell utterly failed in the part of Spriggins, and Miss Vivien Herbert proved a suitable consort to him. As Angelina Miss Lottie Beaufort showed promise, and Miss Faucett played with a good deal of spirit as Anna Maria. Julia (Miss Cruff) was very feeble, and dropped an H wherever a chance presented itself. After the farce a lady sang a song, but it seemed as if she were performing to an invisible audience beneath the footlights, and at either wing, for it was to these parts alone her attention was directed. Some twenty minutes afterwards the curtain rose on *All that Glitters is not Gold*. Mr. Alfred Grahame played with a good deal of intelligence as Lassell; he had evidently taken pains with the part—he need not however have bestowed so much attention on his eye-glass. Jasper Plum (Mr. McDonnell) appeared to be looking for his part on the carpet, and, failing to find it, his gestures were awkward, meaningless, and irritating. Mr. Hawthorn (Stephen), from the principal provincial theatres, as the programmes informed us, spoke as if he had the whole family of Plums in his mouth; otherwise he was fair. Mr. Sternroyd represented Frederick, and certainly knew his part; his performance, however, suffered by the too-evident self-satisfaction he displayed. Mr. Martineau fooled through the part of Toby, and his make-up in the first act was lacking in good taste. Mr. Sealby was Harris. Miss Regaldi, as Lady Leatherbridge, was stiff, and spoke her lines as if they were a lesson. Miss Faucett was again the best as Lady Valeria. Miss Thessa Doris whined through the part of Martha, and seemed to be washing her hands with invisible water during the first act. The manner in which her hair was dressed was not in character with a factory hand. The merry marriage-bells, which Frederick "methought be heard," were represented by some one striking one spring-bell very violently a great number of times.

TO STYLUS.

THE PARTRIDGES on the manors in Kent, Surrey, and adjoining counties are, through the long and cold winter and the backward spring, but now sitting. The usual period of hatching time is about June 20. There will be but few broods of young partridges brought off the nest this year before July, and the coveys will hardly be matured by the opening day of partridge shooting. Many settings of eggs are under domestic fowls for hatching and rearing by hand. The wet weather has destroyed many litters of young wild rabbits.

"How much did you make at your last concert?" With these words an inquisitive interviewer addressed a poor singer, who had given his "annual" two weeks ago. The victim answered: "I do not know yet exactly. The returns have not come in yet. I sent 600 tickets to acquaintances of mine, but how many were sold I cannot tell you at the present moment." A week later the two parties met again. "Well, what's the good news, my boy?" "Oh," murmured the singer, "the strangest thing has happened to me. I sent 600 tickets out, and exactly 601 have been returned to me." Such is the life of an artist.

GUIDED no doubt by the valuable calendars of State papers published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, Mr. W. H. Hart, "Record Agent and Legal Antiquary," has brought to light a curious letter from the Lords of the Treasury to the Commissioners of Customs dated August 9, 1688, in which it is observed that a French company of comedians are coming over to act before the King "this summer," and instructions are given that "the goods they have brought with them in order that their acting here shall be delivered to them without paying custom for the same." As the expedition of William of Orange was then actually impending, and no mention is to be found in Genest's History of the Stage of the visit of these players, it is to be presumed that His Majesty King James II. speedily found other and more pressing matters to occupy his mind. The intended welcome, however, was certainly creditable to English hospitality; though Mr. Hart's suggestion that the same favour should be extended to the company of the Comédie Française is a little out of date. Forty years ago, or even much less than that, such *impedimenta* would have been apt to create Custom House difficulties, and certainly an English troop going to France nowadays with bag and baggage would be compelled to have disagreeable interviews with officers of the French revenue. On this side of the Channel, however, actors' wardrobes, both private and public, are now happily as free to pass to and fro as their proprietors themselves, so that Mr. Hart may be said already to have his wish.—*The Daily News*.

IN THE CLOUDS.

REMINISCENCES OF A CHAIR.

Edited by SARAH BERNHARDT. Illustrated by GEORGES CLAIRIN.

Translated by N. K.

Young Godard gave orders, his eye everywhere, to right and left, encouraging the gang.

"First-rate, my friends, bravo! Gently. Behave like French gentlemen. There is a lady in the car."

"A lady!" cried the peasants in chorus.

Echo repeated, "A lady!"

"A lady!" croaked the frogs in the pond.

And the crowd rushed towards the balloon. One of them more inquisitive than the others rubbed a match; the young aéronaut growled with rage.

"Come, my good fellow, if you have another, light it, and blow us all into the air."

These words were received with a universal shriek, and the imprudent Paul Pry was hustled, pushed, and sent far from us.

During this incident the crowd had retreated, frightened; and had it not been for the anchor, which was firmly imbedded in the earth, we should, without doubt, have soared aloft again. At last, curiosity conquering their timidity, they again returned in crowds.

"Take hold of the ropes and raise yourself on the point of your toes, mademoiselle," said Godard to the actress. "Do not be afraid; I will bring you down without a shaking."

He kept his word. Thanks to his clever management, the car alighted on the ground as lightly as a bird. I was afraid of breaking my four wooden legs by striking the earth; but nothing of the kind. I remained suspended to the car without feeling the slightest vibration.

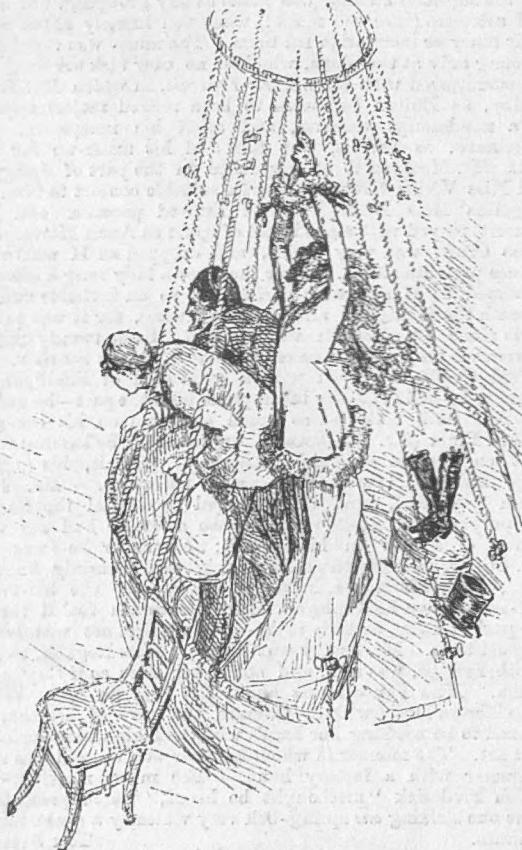
"There is the lady! There is the lady!" cried the children.

"Let us see what she is like," said the women.

One of the children saw me.

"Oh, look, there is a chair hung outside the balloon! What a curious idea. A chair in a balloon."

"It is to balance it?" said one of the round hats.



"Take hold of the ropes and raise yourself on the point of your toes, mademoiselle," said Godard to the actress.

Georges Clairin jumped to the ground, and turned to help out Doña Sol.

"No, no! I will not get out. I was promised a little journey along the ground, and I will have it."

"Ah, next time, madame. The elements are against us, and you must be content with this common-place descent."

Doña Sol got out with a sigh. The artist lifted her gently to the earth, and the crowd immediately surrounded her.

"Ah, the fine lady!" said a little girl, touching her dress.

"Ah, Holy Mary, I would not trust my carcase in a machine like that!" ejaculated a wrinkled, weather-beaten old hag, crossing herself.

"It would be a pity if you did, mother! The country would lose one of its brightest ornaments, and Monsieur le Curé one of the youngest of his flock."

The audience laughed heartily. Doña Sol's seat in the car had been taken by a great, rough-looking fellow. The same was done to each of the places occupied by the other two travellers. So far as the young woman's place was concerned, it was unnecessary, for she had acted more as ballast than burden to the balloon. The three peasants, held by cords, were raised several metres from the earth, to the great delight of the assistants. The boots, the basket, and I were still suspended in the air. At last the aéronaut touched the ground definitely and quietly. Georges Clairin came, untied me, and carried me into the field. Doña Sol then sat down on me, and put on her little boots. The ground was wet, and the cut grass made me shiver right through.

The three round hats came closer, whispering together.

"I assure you it is she," said a young, fresh voice.

"No, no! I don't think so," said a grave, serious one.

"It may be so!" murmured the third hat.

"I recognised her voice."

And the young man approaching the young woman, and saluting her, said:

"It is a great honour for our little village, mademoiselle, to receive Doña Sol."

"You recognise me then, sir? How is that? It is so difficult to see in the dark."

"By your voice, mademoiselle."

"Ah, really! I am very pleased and highly flattered, monsieur."

The second hat approached:

"I have every reason to be angry with mademoiselle."

"And why, pray, sir?"

"Because you refused the invitation that I had the honour of giving you."

"I really do not understand you."

"Nor I," added the younger one.

"Nor I."

"Nor I."

"Still it is simple enough: the balloon was passing about an hour ago above my property; for I am a landed proprietor, mademoiselle—the largest proprietor in the country. I had some people dining with me. We went out to see the balloon, and I recognised mademoiselle directly."

The young woman tried in vain to smother her laughter.

"Ah, ah!" said Clairin, with a sarcastic intonation. "It was you then, sir, who were making signs to us? Ah! I remember you very well now—very well."

"There you see!" said the landowner, turning to the other two hats, and beaming with delight.

Aided by the darkness, everyone dissembled, and he continued: "I recognised Mlle. Doña Sol, and made signs, as M. Godard (whom I also recognised) has just been saying."

"The recognition was mutual, sir," murmured Clairin.

"Yes, Monsieur Godard, immediately. I made signs, therefore, and hoped the balloon would descend in my park, and I should have had the honour of receiving you at my table. But a perfect volley of missiles was shot from the balloon, and the aéronaut floated away. This is why, mademoiselle, I am a little angry with you."

This was all said with stiff solemnity, and a nasal twang. Indeed, he seemed to copy exactly the celebrated actor Baron. At this moment young Godard joined the party, and Doña Sol, afraid that he might spoil everything, added hurriedly, as she presented him:

"This is Monsieur Clairin, companion of our travels."

"Ah, of course. M. Le Directeur did not wish so distinguished a member of his company to run the risk of a journey in the air alone. Well! M. Perrin, I congratulate you!"

Young Godard, taken by surprise, was on the point of answering; but, fearing to betray himself, he bounded like a goat over the little wall, crying out—

"Come, my friends, let us look after the balloon. We must let off all the gas."

"M. Perrin seems to be full of fun," said the counterpart of Baron. "Full of fun, and quite young. He must be much beloved."

"Oh, yes, he is—"

A general exclamation of horror put an end to the strange conversation. The heavens suddenly opened their floodgates. In an instant we were inundated. I sank into the soft earth. Doña Sol got up, and enveloping herself in furs, remained standing.

"But you will be wet through, mademoiselle," said the young man, in despair. "Oh, don't be afraid, monsieur, I am so thin that I can pass between the drops."

All the children pressed round the young woman, who gave three of them shelter under her wide mantle. Georges Clairin, and Godard, aided by about twenty men, worked away at the balloon.

It was a curious sight. The field in which we stood being a large one, the horizon seemed a great distance off. The balloon lay panting on the ground. The men were squeezing its sides,

fell with a few more gasps of escaping gas, but gradually got quieter and quieter, and at last lay like a sleeping boa-constrictor. The rain never stopped for an instant.

Doña Sol asked by what train they could return.

"Oh, only by the ten o'clock train, because the station is at least an hour's distance from here, driving. And as there is no carriage to be got, you must allow two hours on foot, walking quietly."

"But it is out of the question," cried Clairin. "Mademoiselle will never be able to walk as far as that."

"There must be some other way of getting there," answered the young woman. And looking round to seek the youthful owner of the first hat she seemed vexed at his absence.



The three round hats came closer, whispering together.

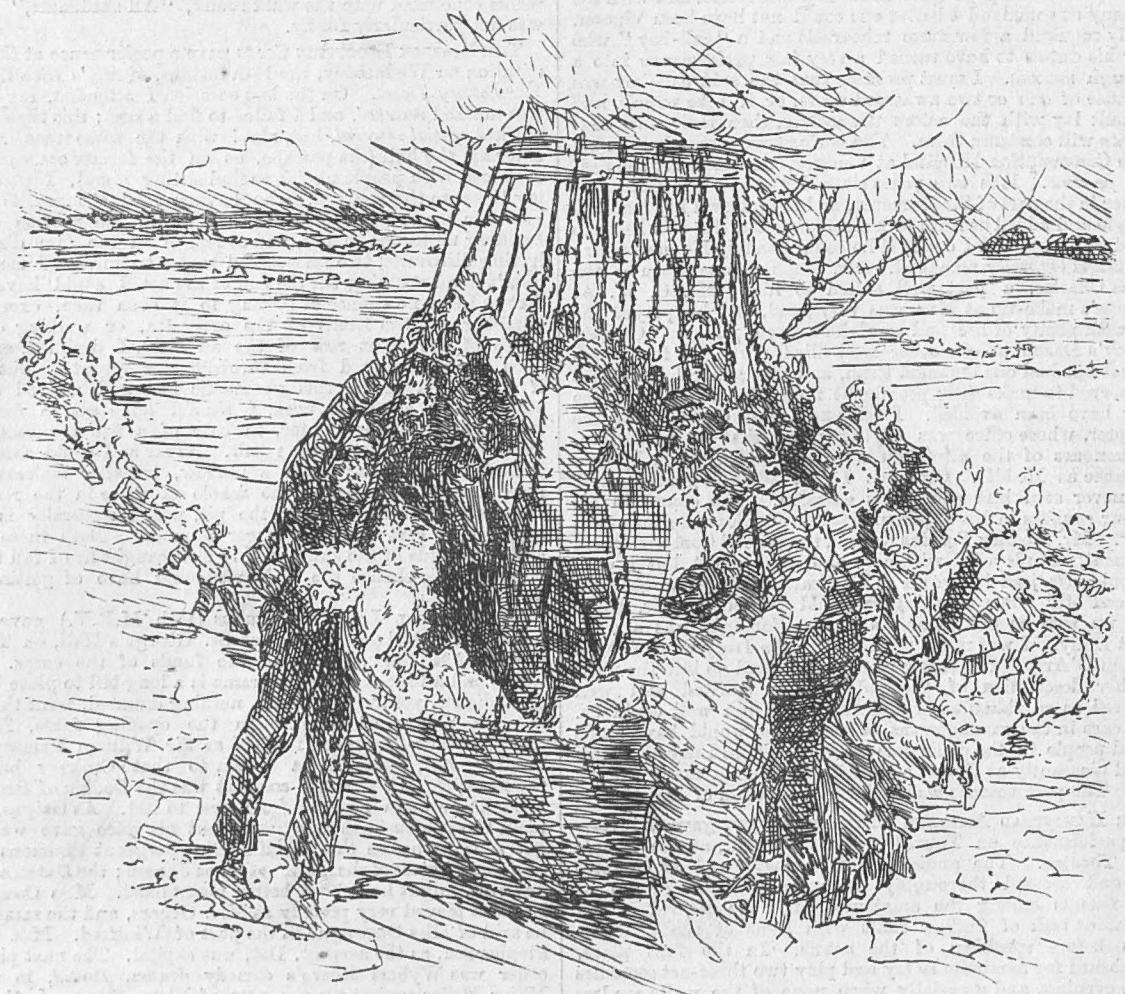
"Ah, the young farmer has gone to bed," said the solemn voice; "in my day people were more gallant."

"People are as gallant, but more practical, dear sir," said the young fellow, jumping quickly from a carriage that had driven up so noiselessly as not to attract our attention. "I have just arrived from my own stables, where I made them get two carriages ready, one for mademoiselle and her friends, the other for the remains of the balloon." Doña Sol held out her hand to the young fellow to thank him.

"You are our good angel," said Georges Clairin. "It seems the roads are rather rough."

"Oh, it would have been impossible for the feet of a fine Parisian lady to have walked half way."

During this little episode Godard had had the balloon rolled



The men were squeezing its sides, and the gas was rushing out with a loud whistling noise. It looked like a gigantic turtle in the throes of death.

and the gas was rushing out with a loud whistling noise. It looked like a gigantic turtle in the throes of death. The meshes of the net, made indistinct by the darkness around, completed the deception by looking like the scales of the beast. The men were bathed in sweat and wet through by the rain. Doña Sol was greatly touched by the attentions of one of the little boys, who went and fetched her an umbrella. She used it to shelter some of the small urchins, not forgetting the messenger himself, who was soaking.

"What a polite people these are," she said, smiling.

Pressed down by strong hands, the balloon had now been crushed and squeezed flat. Its mutilated body still rose and

up and put into the car with its guide-rope, its anchor, and cords. The second carriage having arrived by this time, it was hoisted with difficulty into it. The poor balloon, which had been so gay and smart a few hours before, was now all torn and crushed down into its basket. Its beautiful orange tint had disappeared under the rain, which still continued inexorable and incessant.

(To be continued.)

It is proposed in Newcastle that a subscription fund shall be raised for presentation to William Elliot, the ex-champion, defeated by Hanlan.